

"Claudette Is Not Going To Stop There" — Ed SULLIVAN

Silver Screen

June

10¢



Miriam Hopkins

Shirley Temple's Education — ELIZABETH WILSON

Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenger member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia... noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.

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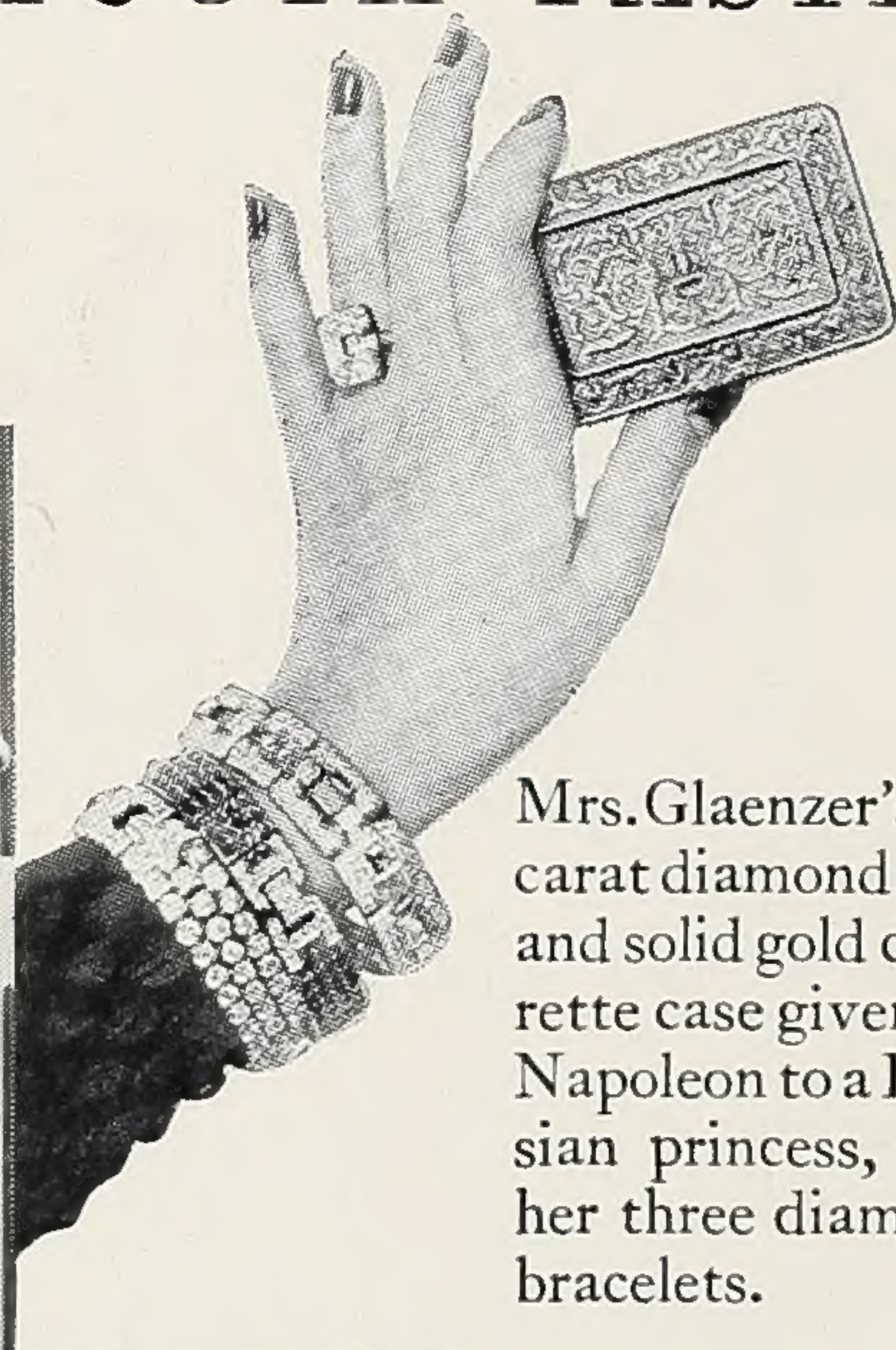
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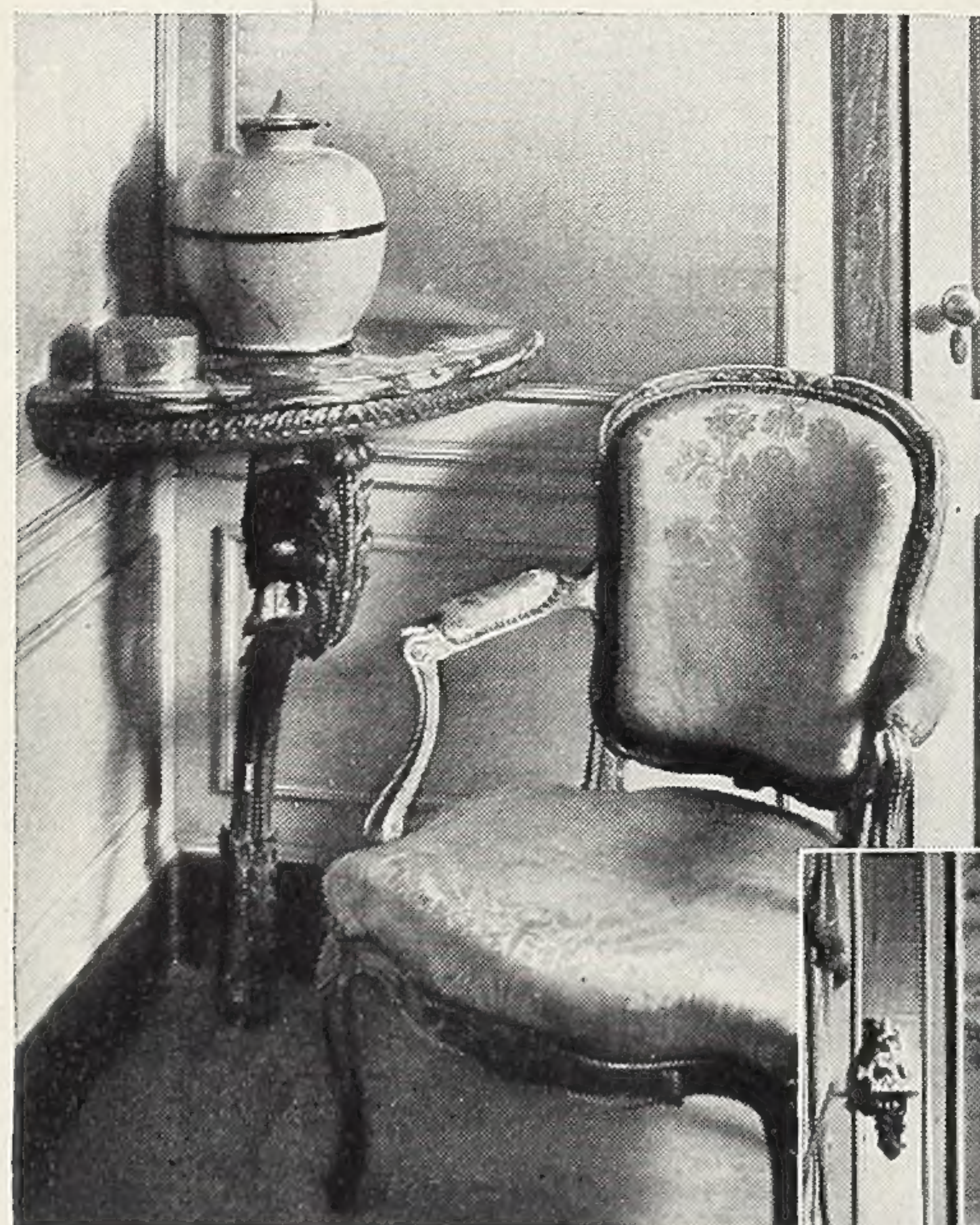
now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

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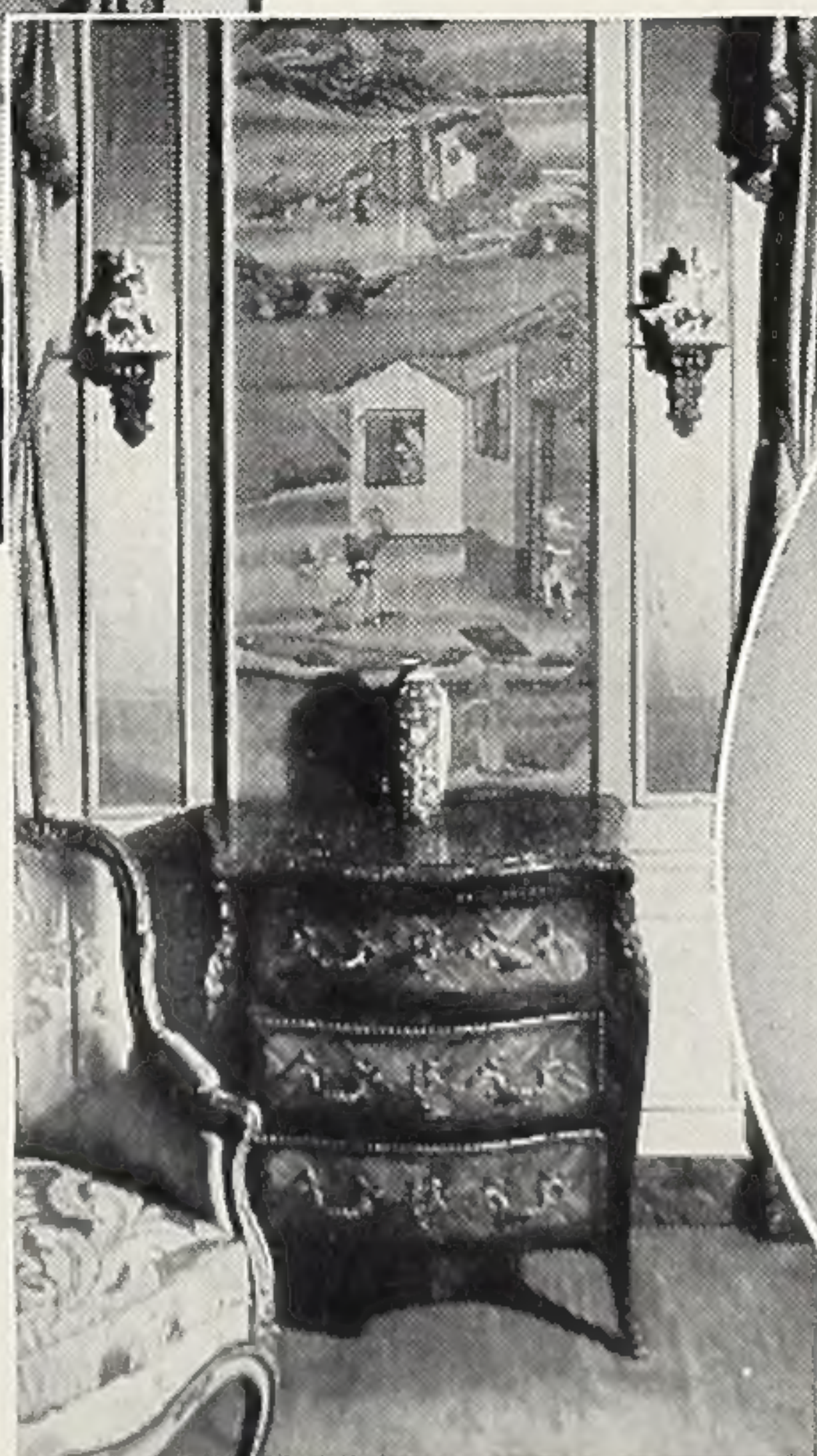


Mrs. Glaenger's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.



Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenger's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.

Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.



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REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

JUNE 1935

VOLUME FIVE
NUMBER EIGHT

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

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COVER PORTRAIT OF MIRIAM HOPKINS BY MARLAND STONE

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LAXATIVES
ANY MORE!



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REVIEWS

TIPS ON PICTURES

The Santa Anita race track has made the studios horse conscious. Even George Arliss rides as *Cardinal Richelieu*.



BEHIND THE GREEN LIGHTS—Interesting. An expose of methods employed by modern criminal lawyers. The action is tense, dramatic, exciting. In cast Judith Allen, Norman Foster, Sidney Blackmer.

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—Splendid. As Van Dine is the author of this yarn you can expect something truly fascinating in the way of expert mystery films. This time Paul Lukas plays Philo Vance, and the excellent cast includes Isabel Jewel, Alison Skipworth & Donald Cook.

CHASING YESTERDAY—Charming. Adapted from one of Anatol France's best loved books, this has tenderness, whimsy, and even a generous amount of excitement. (O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley, Ann Shirley.)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Disappointing. Marlene Dietrich's latest screen effort is about a beautiful but heartless charmer of men. What she does to them is just nobody's business. The setting is colorful and the cast includes Lionel Atwill, Alison Skipworth and Cesar Romero.

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—Splendid. A story of Danish court intrigue in the late 18th century serves to bring back Clive Brook to us in truly magnificent fashion. This is a superb British costume production which you will enjoy.

FLORENTINE DAGGER, THE—Interesting. An ingenious mystery idea with several psychological twists. The setting (the Alps and Vienna) is colorful and the cast fine. (C. Aubrey Smith, Margaret Lindsay.)

FOLIES BERGERE—Entertaining. Chevalier at his best once more in a dual rôle that affords him excellent scope for his charming personality. There are catchy songs, beautiful sets, and two fascinating women—Merle Oberon and Ann Southern—to captivate you.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—Entertaining. An elaborate musical revue with the usual trimmings, songs and dance numbers. Cast includes Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou, Gloria Stuart, Glenda Farrell.

IN OLD SANTA FÉ—Fine. This is a first-class western featuring the children's delight—Ken Maynard. The film abounds with action of a highly melodramatic nature, and the cast includes H. B. Warner, Evelyn Knapp, Kenneth Thomson.

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Proving that love triumphs over all—prison terms, separations, false pride. With Nancy Carroll and George Murphy carrying the torch throughout.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fair. Although the plot's a bit thin, this comedy about a young couple (Spencer Tracy-Wendy Barrie) who are arrested for reckless driving in a corn-fed town in the South, has many enjoyable sequences.

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Fair. Tullio Carminatti and Lilian Harvey are a romantic duo but this story doesn't suit them very well, although the colorful Riviera makes an attractive setting and there are some tuneful melodies.

LIVING ON VELVET—Interesting. A tragic air disaster which kills his family leaves aviator Geo. Brent in a morbid mood that becomes dramatically heightened when he meets Kay Francis, once engaged to Warren William.

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—Interesting. An intriguing mystery film that is

handled with the quiet but suave assurance for which the British are noted. (Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Peter Lorre, Nova Pilbeam.)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Good. Instead of the Irish and the Jews being teamed as usual, here we have the Irish and the Scotch. A wholesome film, brimful of homespun good humor, and well acted by Walter C. Kelly, Andy Clyde, Jane Darwell and Betty Furness.

MISSISSIPPI—Good. A story of the old South with a great part of the colorful action taking place on a river steamboat. Bing Crosby, in the ruffled shirt of the period, croons divinely, and Joan Bennett and W. C. Fields provide romance and comedy respectively.

MOTIVE FOR REVENGE—Good. Who killed Edward Arnold? It could have been Irene Hervey, his wife, or Doris Lloyd, his mother-in-law, or perhaps Donald Cook, his wife's first husband! And, yet again, it might have been someone else entirely. You'll have to see for yourself.

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—Sumptuous operetta. With lyrics by the incomparable Victor Herbert, and the romantic leads played by two "lookers" like Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, both of whom have exceptional voices, this registers "tops."

PRINCESS O'HARA—Good entertainment. A fast-moving, oft-times thrilling story of racketeering, with Chester Morris, as the owner of various sporting interests, in love with Jean Parker who gets mixed up in them when her father is killed.

ROBERTA—Excellent. Don't miss this joyous musical. The dancing—by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers—is something to dream about. The setting is a Parisian gown shop—and what clothes! Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott are in the fine cast, too.

TRAVELLING SALESLADY—Amusing. Even though Joan Blondell's father is head of a tooth paste company, Joan gets a job—with a rival company that flavors its toothpaste with your favorite cocktail. Laughs are provided by Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell & William Gargan.

VANESSA—Fine. A romantic love story of Victorian times from a well-known novel by Hugh Walpole. The leading rôles are played beautifully by Helen Hayes, Bob Montgomery, Otto Kruger and Helen Westley.

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Fine. A tragic triangle—concerning a writer, his lovely but frivolous wife, and a peasant girl. It is superbly acted and well worth seeing. (Gary Cooper, Helen Vinson, Anna Sten.)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—Entertaining. This is crammed with all the fine old hokum that the youth of America adores. With Wallace Beery enjoying his role of hard-boiled instructor sergeant, Bob Young bracing his shoulders as the foot-ball hero, and Maurine O'Sullivan winsome as the only girl.



THE LAW OF THE PACK . . . WAS HIS CODE OF LOVE!

Like his snarling husky, he heard only the call of his mate! For this was the grim, ruthless land of the Yukon . . . where men were primitive beasts . . . and a woman was a man's to hold as long as he could . . . his to keep as long as he desired!

CLARK GABLE

portrays his most virile role in
DARRYL ZANUCK'S
production of JACK LONDON'S
red-blooded story . . .

CALL OF THE WILD

with

LORETTA YOUNG
JACK OAKIE

Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS,

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New! AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

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- (2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- (3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a



Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Mail coupon for my free book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

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243 W. 17th St., New York City S.C.-6-35

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Street.....

City..... State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.



"You're Telling Me?"

How a picture starts. Edmund Goulding, the author and director, and his cast discuss "The Flame Within."

Unburden Your Mind—Relieve
The Pent Up Ire—Write!

MRS. FLOYD W. RAU of Springtown, Pa., writes: "I don't know how much good these open letters do. It is most interesting for us to know what one another thinks, but, tell me—do they really do any good? The producers and actors make the pictures and they surely don't see these letters."

Yes, they read the ones about themselves. Wouldn't you?

"THE MOVIES are available to the poor and rich alike. Maybe the places the poor go to haven't exactly the same atmosphere, but what's the difference," asks Sydelle Chary of Pleasant Ave., Grantwood, N. J., "they see the same pictures. And I am sure, no matter what the place is like, they still love the movies."

The perfect entertainment of a democracy.

"ALONG WITH the rest of a vast audience, I gazed intently at Charles Laughton as he turned in an excellent portrayal of Ruggles of Red Gap," writes Mrs. A. Sleger of W. Cottage St., Boston, Mass. "Just to have heard Mr. Laughton repeat the Gettysburg Address was worth all the other Hollywood histrionics of the year. An orchard to you, Mr. Laughton."

Also a pasture, a kitchen garden and scallions to him. (See page 82.)

MRS. HARRY PROPSON of Montrose Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "One thought alone made my lowly job—pie-making, dish washing, floor scrubbing—endurable. Tonight I'd see a movie! Forget for a few hours the weariness, disappointments, anxieties of life. Bask awhile in romance and beauty. Thrill to danger. Relax to soothing music. Dance with nimble feet (I who am lame!) Peep into birdland and animal-land. Explore the world via newsreel. Laugh and cry. Renew my strength for tomorrow's humble tasks, my spirit for tomorrow's problems, my courage for tomorrow's battles. Thank God for the movies!"

You will enjoy them even more if you read about them, think about them, beforehand.

"I FEEL," writes Helen Nardin of W. 57th St., New York, N. Y., "that the movies

are more successful than the legitimate stage because the actors are nearer and more real than those on the stage—because a stage is like a boxing arena enclosed by ropes—whereas a movie screen is an open door."

"Shadows more real than living actors"—some compliment to the old boys who invented pictures.

"I THINK all America is just a little sick of toughness, coarseness and unpleasantness. We've got quite enough in actual life," writes Sarah Sollars of Sebastopol, Calif. "The success of 'Little Women,' 'David Copperfield' and other decent, sentimental, heart dramas proves it. The pendulum has swung back to our old, real honest-to-goodness American standards—let's keep it there!"

Then the clock would stop.

"WHILE THE movie public is pinning medals and handing out bouquets of applause to the leading stars for their excellent performances in worthwhile photoplays, I want to suggest," writes Mayme Lilienfeld of Byron St., Chicago, Ill., "that it should save a few forget-me-nots of consideration for the supporting cast which does not get half the credit it deserves."

Read "The '18 K.' Screen Players" on page 30.

"ANY GIRL adopting Mae West's tactics, which naturally are grossly exaggerated for comedy's sake, will find that Mae knows her men and that it is so easy to charm when one once learns the trick. Life is merely a game and the more finished the technique the more sure the success," writes Mrs. R. M. Silcox of S. Main St., Midvale, Utah.

Too complicated for us.

ANNA BERRIS of Bergenline Ave., Union City, N. J., writes: "After seeing that great picture, 'David Copperfield,' I had a nightmare about Nurse Peggotty, Emily, Mr. Peggotty, etc. Three cheers for this outstanding triumph."

See "Bride of Frankenstein" and perhaps you'll get insomnia.

Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man

Joins the "G-MEN"

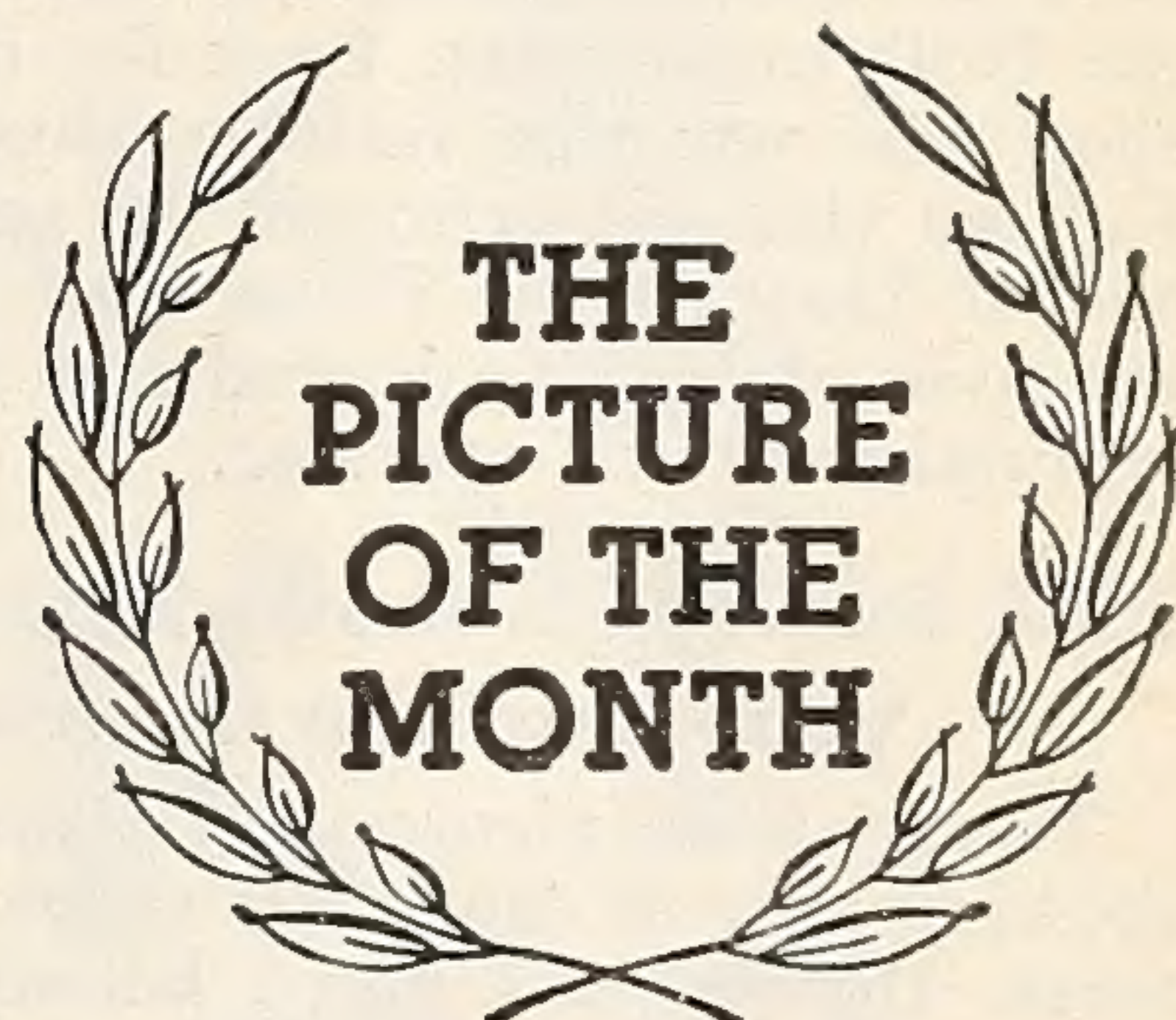
and Halts the March of Crime!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime! The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty man-hunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

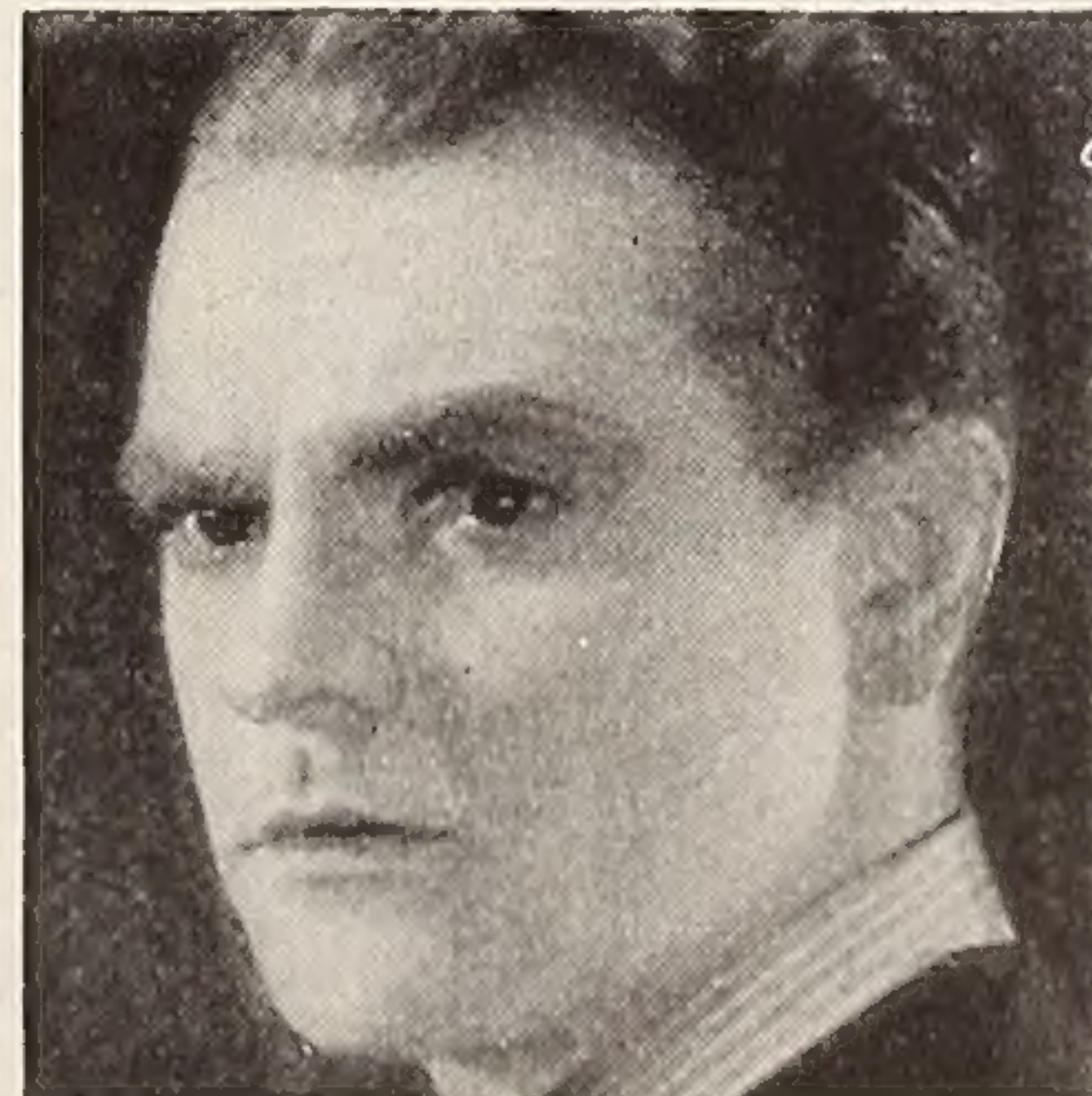
Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo—the last stand of the underworld! It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set—and sprung—on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

"G-Men" is easily the *stand-out* for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!



Yesterday

Public Enemy No. 1 in the never - to - be - forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."



Today

he's on Uncle Sam's side, staging his own private war with the public enemies of 1935!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

Take a movie star's beauty advice



JOAN BLONDELL,
Warner Bros.' Star,
see her now in
TRAVELING SALESLADY

WHEN you get a DUART Permanent Wave you will see the operator break open a SEALED individual package of Duart pads for your personal wave. No question then—you know they are genuine Duart and have NEVER BEEN USED. You know also that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the beautiful waves worn by the Hollywood stars. Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart Pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like the stars

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how to copy their smart new coiffures. Hollywood's noted hairstylist, Perc Westmore, created them exclusively for Duart. Sent FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just a tint. 12 shades—see coupon.

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Choice of the Hollywood Stars



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| ☐ Henna | ☐ Golden Brown | ☐ (Platinum) | ☐ Golden Blonde |
| ☐ Titian | ☐ Ash | ☐ Black | ☐ Light Golden |
| ☐ Reddish Brown | ☐ Titian Reddish Blonde | | |

Dinnertime at BILL GARGAN'S

By Ruth
Corbin

This is Mary Gargan, and Mary had a little lamb roasted to a turn for her handsome husband.



THE GARGAN family need never worry if their cook walks out on them, for both Bill and his wife know their steaks and onions.

I visited at the Gargan home in Beverly Hills the other day and a good part of my time was spent in the kitchen watching Mary prepare a leg of lamb for dinner.

She told me that Bill won't let anyone but herself prepare it.

"I served Bill roast lamb at our first meal, when we started housekeeping," she explained, "and it made such a hit with him that although we have been married seven years, it still remains his favorite meat. Bill is a great meat-eater. Likes roasts, especially, and, even in summer, I cook them and serve cold meat plates with salads for dinner."

Mrs. Gargan is an excellent cook, but she doesn't look the part. That is, no casting director would ever give her such a role in a super-production. She is small and dainty, with big blue eyes, a fair skin and reddish-brown hair. She could easily be in pictures or on the stage if she liked. As a matter of fact, that is where she was when she married Bill.

Their romance reads like a story-book one. They hated each other violently when they were kids. Mary lived in New York and used to week-end with her cousins in Brooklyn. Bill was always very much in evidence during these visits. She thought he was too conceited to live and detested him thoroughly. Bill returned the compliment because he thought she was a spoiled, high-hat, young snob. So this went on for several years. Then Bill "went on the stage" and they lost track of each other for awhile.

One Sunday afternoon, when Mary was visiting her cousins in Brooklyn, they got up an impromptu skating party. Mary was wearing a beautiful, red woolen suit trimmed in Hudson Seal and with it a hat

and shoes to match. It was the nicest outfit she had ever owned and she felt quite grand in it.

On the pond, she happened to run into, or rather back into, the detestable young Mr. Gargan. They knocked each other flat and Mary fell into a mess of dirty snow and slush, which completely ruined her new outfit. The air was blue with the caustic remarks they tossed back and forth at each other. But it marked the beginning of the end. They got so much of the vitriol that had been accumulating through the years out of their systems, that shortly afterwards they fell in love and were married.

There are two small boys in the Gargan home now—Barry, aged six, and Leslie Howard, aged two. Barry is a vest-pocket edition of Bill while Leslie favors his Mother. Both are beautiful and sturdy youngsters.

They began housekeeping in Brooklyn, while Bill was playing in "Chicago" with Francine Larrimore. While not startling, his success was consistent and he was never out of a contract. He played several years with the Theatre Guild and, two years ago, came west to play in "Rain" with Joan Crawford. At first he played "heavy-ies" but, since he has lost so much weight, he is being cast in romantic parts.

Bill is quite handsome these days too. The difference in his appearance I convinced me that excessive weight can age a man quite as much as it does a woman. Bill looks ten years younger now. His last roles have been in "A Night at the Ritz" with Patricia Ellis and in "Traveling Saleslady" with Joan Blondell. At present he is working in "Broadway Gondolier."

He told me that all he did to reduce was to eat less of everything. He accomplished his reducing feat while he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard in

[Continued on page 12]

THE BLUE OF HER EYES — THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS



Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...care-free charmer...whose beauty blazed in conquest...while the world about her flamed! The private life of the world's most glamorous adventuress...who used men as stepping stones...and made history. Told against an exciting and colorful background...as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!...Re-created on the Technicolor screen...its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life...and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

Miriam

HOPKINS

in

**BECKY
SHARP**

with

**FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY**

Distributed by
RKO-RADIO PICTURES, INC.
Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES

The first... full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of **NEW TECHNICOLOR!**...A new miracle in motion pictures...that promises to create a revolution...as great as that caused by sound!...The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of **NEW TECHNICOLOR!**

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

Dinner at Bill Gargan's

[Continued from page 10]

London last fall. He did not abstain from starchy or any other kind of foods, but simply began eating everything in moderation. He managed always to leave the table while he was still a trifle hungry. He still does so. He says he always has room for another piece of pie or cake but he "doesn't pass his plate for those things twice." Not any more.

He reduced twenty-two pounds in one month. And, soon afterward, he was signed by Gaumont-British to play the romantic lead in "Things Are Looking Up." It was a grand role and Bill covered himself with glory. The picture is cleaning up in England even now and it marked a turn in Bill's career, for he has not been cast as a villain since.

Bill's favorite dessert is plain chocolate with bitter icing. Every Sunday they have roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. His favorite salad is made of cucumbers and Bermuda onions. For this, Mary takes three medium-sized cucumbers and slices them as thin as possible and soaks them in salt water for four hours. Then, she chops up one large-sized Bermuda onion and about six leaves of romaine lettuce. She pours vinegar over these and, draining the salt water from the cucumbers, mixes them all together. She seasons them with salt and pepper.

Bill told me that her roast leg of lamb "can't be beat." So I had her give me her recipe for preparing it.

She mentioned that, although many cooks will not put water on their roasts, she always washes lamb carefully and then wraps it up in a clean cloth and leaves it on the kitchen table for an hour, until it is the temperature of the room. Then, she makes a paste of pepper, salt, paprika and water and rubs it into the roast. She also sprinkles over it one finely chopped onion. She then puts the lamb into the roasting pan, into which she has poured a cup of hot water to prevent the meat from sticking. She does not cover the meat but puts it into a very hot oven and bastes it continually every fifteen minutes until it is cooked. She browns it carefully on one side and then, in about thirty minutes, it is ready to turn. About ten minutes before she removes it, she places a small bit of garlic on a fork and rubs it lightly over the roast and into the fat.

With roast lamb, she serves fresh green peas, when they are in season, and both mashed potatoes and candied sweet potatoes. Her recipe for chocolate cake follows:

3 eggs	3 teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar	$\frac{7}{8}$ cup milk
$2\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour	1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream the shortening and sugar, add the eggs, beating in thoroughly, then add flour, baking powder, and salt, which has been sifted together, add alternately with milk and then add vanilla. Beat well until smooth and turn into greased, layer cake pans and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven. When cold, put together with icing which is made as follows:

2 squares bitter chocolate	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water
1 teaspoon butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
Sifted confectioner's sugar.	

Melt the chocolate in a double boiler over hot water, add the butter and the boiling water and stir thoroughly together. Cool, add the vanilla and enough confectioner's sugar to make a consistency which will spread easily.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston

announce the marriage

of their daughter

Doris

And there almost was no wedding to announce



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant

cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO.

Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Opening Chorus



Carole Lombard

A LETTER FROM LIZA

(She's a National Institution—and growing.)

WELL, when unique parties are given, la belle Lombard will give them, and lucky is he who rates an invitation, for Carole, unlike most Hollywood stars, does not go out into the highways and byways and drag in an ill-assorted batch of guests. The invitations the other night were to "dress," so dress we did in tails and tiaras until we looked like the opening night of a Noel Coward show. Then, imagine our surprise when we arrived at Carole's, to find her very formal Empire drawing room and dining room, done by William Haines with much *esprit*, turned completely into a mountain cabin with beaucoup corn shucks and a camp fire and such things as I haven't seen since I gave up being a Girl Scout.

Colored boys in chaps served a swell dinner of corn on cob, and every kind of a do a cowboy ever thought up. I never thought I'd live to see steaks broiled right there in the midst of the Empire (which had been carted away to the garage for the night). Everybody had to sit at a long low table with a red tablecloth and eat out of tin plates and with tin forks.

Last week I had the novel experience of meeting a movie star down at San Diego, which seaport is three to four hours drive from Hollywood—depending upon whether the cops get you or not. Claudette Colbert, who has been vacationing in New York for the last month, arrived on the SS. Virginia, and was simply deluged by photographers, reporters and fans—the first two she had hoped to dodge by sneaking off the boat at San Diego, but ever since Garbo almost got away with a "sneak" there last year that port has been watched, but definitely, for incoming celebrities.

Claudette says her most embarrassing experience on the trip was in Havana, where they were having a revolution or just had a revolution or something, and the guards at the doors of all the department stores have to examine the customers to see if they are taking along a brace of bombs or something. The guard patted Claudette about the hips, quite familiarly, and said, "Ah, Americano?" So-o-o-o-o-o.

Liza

for JUNE 1935

Don't take this risk!



Nestle Shields You Against the Re-used Pad Practice

● What a terrible price to pay for a permanent! Hair turned dull, faded and lifeless. Vitality gone. Infected with hair and scalp disorders. Yet that's what happens where the same pads are used from one head after another—where the unhealthy conditions of another woman's hair are transferred and steamed into your own!

It's not a nice thing to think about or talk about. But Nestle, having originated the permanent wave,

feels that the time has come when every woman should know the truth. For none of these dangers and risks can happen to you if you have a genuine Nestle Wave, given by a Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop using only fresh Nestle materials.

It's EASY to Protect Yourself!

Simply go to a Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop displaying the Certificate shown below. Make sure that you see the Nestle name on the felt pads and waving lotions. Then you will have a permanent wave of fascinating beauty—and the process will be completely beneficial and invigorating to your hair.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY • New York

LOOK for the Licensed Nestle Beauty Shop with this Certificate. It is your guarantee of a genuine Nestle Wave. Also insist on seeing the Nestle name on the foil cover of the felt pads.



Nestle

SCIENTIFIC PERMANENT WAVE



"lips that
charm are
lips with
lustre"

helena rubinstein creates... new allure for your lips!

TOUCH your lips with the bright magic of Helena Rubinstein's Lipstick... and see them gain allure. The world-famous art of this great beauty specialist brings your lips vital glamour — the warm, breathing appeal of youth!

Her new discovery—a rare biological ingredient — protects and promotes your natural lip moisture. It ends the harsh, dry artificial look. Your lips gain dewy enticement—lustre!

Experience, too, the added loveliness made possible by her genius for color. Her newest shade is "Terra Cotta," the subtle, natural tone of the elegante. Or the more exotic Red Geranium, Red Poppy, Red Raspberry, Red Coral and "Evening." No ugly purple undertone... These lipsticks glide on—and stay on! .50, 1.00, 1.25... Rouges to harmonize, 1.00... glorious powders that benefit your skin. 1.00, 1.50.

mystery for your eyes

Glamorous Persian Mascara—will not smart your eyes, nor easily smudge. Black, Brown, and the new Blue and Blue-Green. 1.00. Eyelash Grower and Darkener. 1.00.

LIMITED OFFER!

**pasteurized face cream
and beauty grains
special combination set... 1.00**

Here is the secret of a glorious complexion—clear, radiant — young — a complexion that makes your cosmetics doubly alluring! Helena Rubinstein's priceless beauty secret — which has amazed the women of three continents.

Pasteurized Face Cream will cleanse, freshen, soften and protect. Smoothes away lines — quickly. Actually transforms your skin. It is Helena Rubinstein's miracle cream... **Beauty Grains**—a stimulating complexion wash used with water or a teaspoonful of milk. Nothing in the world like it! To remove blackheads and whiteheads—refine pores—speed skin renewal—soften texture—normalize oil glands. Ask for "First Steps To Beauty," 1.00 complete.

MAIL SERVICE... If there is no Helena Rubinstein dealer in your community, order by mail. Consultation by mail is also welcome.

helena rubinstein

8 East 57th Street, New York

SALONS IN: Paris • London • Milan • Detroit

Chicago • Boston • New York • Seattle

Los Angeles • Montreal • Toronto

Copyright 1935, Helena Rubinstein, Inc.



Beautiful
Betty Grable.



TRY

Betty Grable's MAKE-UP METHOD

WHEN you say of any movie star, "She's lovely, isn't she!" what is it about her that makes you feel that way?

Right. You win. You can't tell at a glance. This business of diagnosing charm is a dangerous one. It's this and it's that and again it's something else.

Take Betty Grable for instance. "Alluringly beautiful," is what her discoverers call her. We have to admit that they are right. Right as rain. But was she just born that way and shall we give up, or can we analyze her and see how it is done?

Excuse us, Miss Grable, but we are going to put you under our beauty microscope to see what makes you click.

We notice she is following the latest style in lips. She has them lustrous, lovely in color but with a warm glow about them. She selects her lipstick with care and with this in mind. She puts it on exactly to follow the natural curves of her mouth. That is what makes her look so sophisticated, yet natural, and what makes her smile something to care about.

We find her hair pulled back from the forehead, simply, charmingly, making use of the wayward little cowlick on the side. Yes, cowlicks can be made use of. They are not something to run away from. And right here let me point a beauty moral: If you have any little beauty "wrongs" treat them as the movie stars do, make them into beauty "rights" by playing them up intelligently. If you have a cowlick in your hair don't cry over it. Instead, make your hair curl over it!

Those curls behind the ear are very fetching. They may be brushed up or down at will. The current mode favors them brushed up, but you can see how smart Betty looks by going against the mode and brushing them low.

She shows her ears, too. Why shouldn't she? They are nice ears.

Her forehead is smooth and soft. Nourishing creams take care of that and will keep it so for many years. Creams, and the absence of bad facial tricks. There is one great big beauty argument against worry.

Worry puts furrows in your forehead, as well as difficulties in your disposition.

You will notice that the newest eyebrows are thin but not too thin. They are plucked with restraint. If they are naturally light, as Betty's are, the careful use of an eyebrow pencil helps bring out their charm. Eyebrows to give character and expression to a face must be properly accentuated.

They begin just over the inside corner of the eye, not over the nose, and they sweep gracefully out beyond the outer corner but not down to a level with the eye itself. To continue this line is to court artificiality. And today we all want to look natural. Yes, if we have to work hard for it!

See the way those lashes curl? If you will go back to the moment you first looked at this picture, you will find that they were one of the first things you saw. They are one of the first things any man notices in a girl in whom he is interested. Important beauty point number thirty-seven!

Now maybe your lashes curl naturally. And maybe they don't. If they don't, a bit of vaseline or one of the excellent eyelash growers will work wonders for them. Massage them every night and push the ends of the upper ones UP with your finger. This way you can train them to curl.

As for Betty's smile. No, that is not a trick with mirrors. It is honest-to-goodness real. You have one of the same kind yourself. Use it all you can. This is our professional advice on that. (No charge.) Be sure your teeth are bright and shining. If they are cared for by modern scientific methods, they will be as pretty as you could wish.

That smooth throat and chin line is something of which any girl may be justly proud. Gentle patting and the generous use of astringents will help keep these muscles firm and young. It is never too early to take that into consideration. Then, hold your head proudly, look the world in the eye, and after a while you'll be doing as Betty does in this picture: smiling DOWN.

By
Mary
Lee

She made a hit
in "The Gay
Divorcee" and
now is help-
ing Wheeler and
Woolsey.



WINNERS OF THE HANDWRITING CONTEST

"I Enjoy The Movies"

V. Avedisian, 27 Marlboro St., Chelsea, Mass.
Maynard Beaudrot, 152 Washburn Ave., Freeport, N. Y.
B. Bergstrom, 6805 S. Artesian, Chicago, Ill.
E. Grandt, 117 Carolina Ave., Providence, R. I.
B. Browd, 1064 Nelson Ave., New York, N. Y.
Carolyn Keen Bunting, 453 Eaton Rd., Drexel Park, Pa.
Helen M. Casey, Box 53, Oswego, Kan.
Genevieve Coons, 315 State St., Midland, Mich.
Helen Loretta Dempsey, 6107 Woodside Ave., Woodside, L. I.
Winifred Cowan, Montreat, N. C.
Augusta Dowsing, 1009 S. 31st St., Birmingham, Ala.
Ann Gene Fibel, 255 Ft. Washington Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mrs. S. M. Fries, 3311 N. E. 13th Ave., Portland, Ore.
Mae M. Gietz, 134 31st St., North Bergen, N. J.
Mrs. Helen S. Gordon, 1615 King St., La Crosse, Wisc.
Dorothy M. Gottschalk, Hankins, N. Y.
Lillian Griscom, 6601 Ridgeville St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
William H. Hanna, 664 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.
F. L. Houser, 30 E. James St., Lancaster, Pa.
Belle Kaufman, 548 W. 114th St., New York, N. Y.
Margaret Keefe, 440 E. 26th St., New York, N. Y.
Leitha Kelsey, Weston, Ohio.
Betty Jane King, 38 Walnut Place, Newtonville, Mass.
I. Konen, Sheyenne Apts., Valley City, N. D.
Ruth May Knell, 245-05 91st Ave., Bellerose, L. I.
Marge Laird, 573 Main St., Singac, N. J.
Benita K. Locke, 417 W. 33rd St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Jean Lord, 905 Lydia Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Marjorie Mannon, 2122 Santa Clara Ave., Alameda, Calif.
Lyndell Martling, 532 Hayes St., Gary, Ind.
Dorothy Maurin, 1322 N. 20th St., Kansas City, Kan.
Dorothy Thelma Parker, 316 E. Oak St., Stockton, Calif.
Marguerite Pearson, 1535 Lake Ave., S. Duluth, Minn.
Isabel Pesqueira, 4351½ N. Ashland, Chicago, Ill.
Bettie Peterson, 306 Oak St., Red Oak, Iowa.
Mrs. Elsie F. Pilcher, 621 Granville Dr., Winston Salem, N. C.
Bette Roberts, Iowa Falls, Iowa.
Rosemary Cuneo Rocca, 1364 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Mae Russell, 7054 Clover Lane, Upper Darby, Pa.
Adele Louise Simonds, 1701 Grove St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mary Smart, 2407 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Kathleen Whitney Smith, 228 Newhall St., Green Bay, Wisc.
Sally Stone, 312 S. Hanover, Lexington, Ky.
Arline Sullivan, 320 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.
Maxine Taylor, Pendleton, Ind.
Jimmie Terrelle, Harrisonburg, Va.
Peggy Valbuena, 142 Bridge St., Watsonville, Calif.
Janet S. Ward, 265 Manning Blvd., Albany, N. Y.
Frances Watkins, Mineral Ridge, Ohio.
James Wilson, 500 Knight, Park Ridge, Ill.

The albums have been sent to Hollywood to be signed, as requested.

CHANGED TITLES

"Loves of a Dictator" (Clive Brook)
formerly "The Dictator"
"Men of the Hour" (Richard Cromwell)
formerly "Hot News"
"Black Sheep" (Edmund Lowe)
formerly "Kiss and Wake Up"
"Our Little Girl" (Shirley Temple)
formerly "Heaven's Gate"
"Wings of Song" (Grace Moore)
formerly "Love Me Forever"
"The Girl From 10th Avenue" (Bette Davis)
formerly "Men On Her Mind"
"Mary Jane's Pa" (Guy Kibbee)
formerly "Wanderlust"



Learn about bargains from her

SHE GOT THIS FREE — When she buys her favorite gum she receives free — a pretty mouth . . . a clean, healthy, refreshed mouth. For the special firm consistency of Dentyne exercises the mouth in a healthy, natural way. This helps keep the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents the cheek and chin muscles from going flabby. Many doctors and dentists recommend this health habit.

WHEN SHE BOUGHT THIS — All of this mouth aid she received with Dentyne — the gum she likes best. She adores its flavor — it is so full-bodied and spicy, and she loves its chewiness. All of her friends say the same thing — Dentyne is certainly their favorite chewing gum. Why not adopt Dentyne for your favorite gum? Identify it by the handy, flat purse shape — an exclusive feature with Dentyne for many years.



DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE • MOUTH HEALTHY

"Any girl who
uses this perfume
is a leading lady
with me!"



Says
**LANNY
ROSS**

Fragrant with "the perfume of
youth" . . . *April Showers Talc* is su-
preremely soft and fine, soothing and
smoothing to the skin.

No wonder it's the most famous and
best loved talcum powder in the world!

*April
Showers*
TALC

Exquisite, but
not expensive



CHERAMY
PARIS

Mercolized Wax

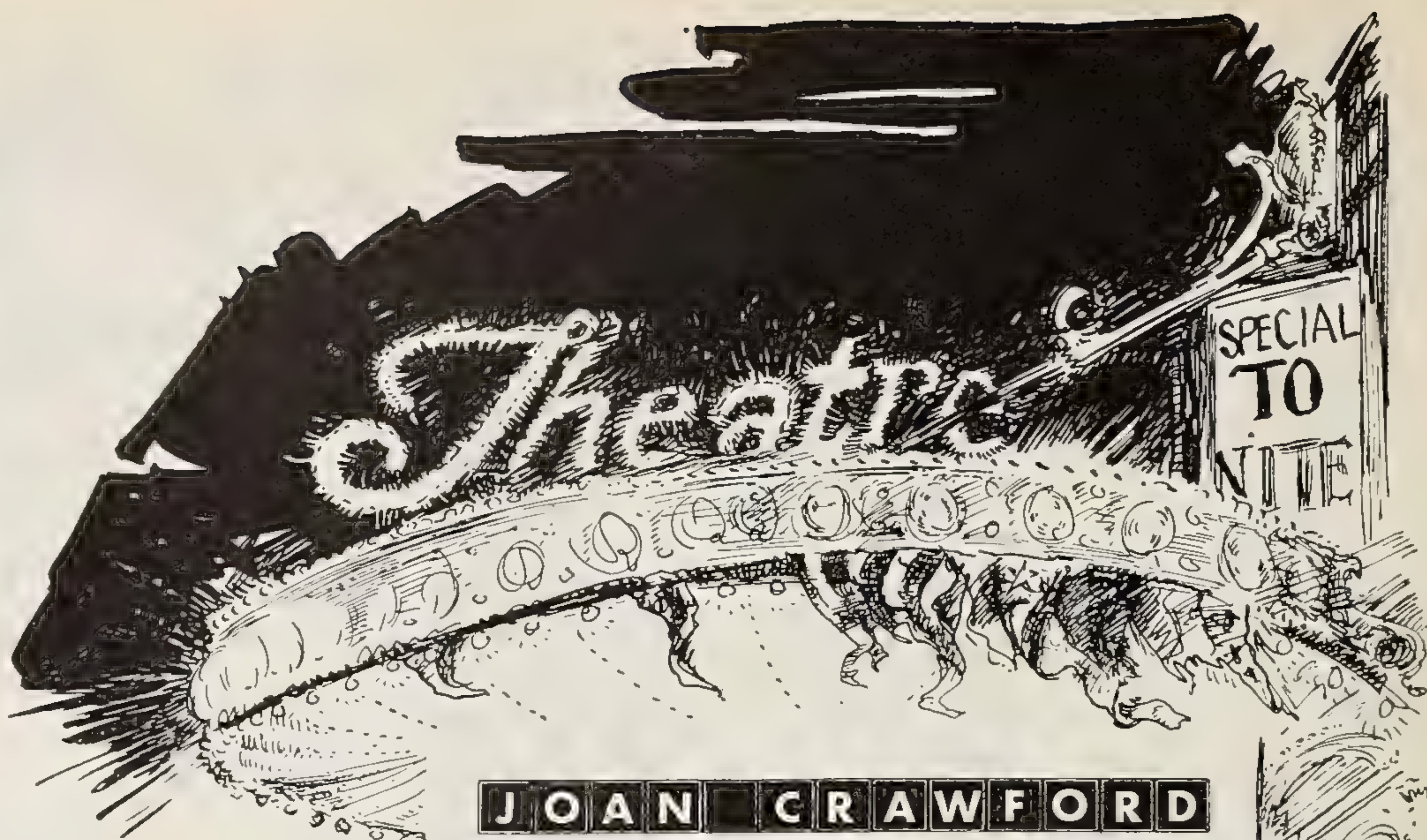


Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using
Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible
particles of aged skin are freed and all
defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and
large pores disappear. Skin is then beauti-
fully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks
years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out
your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.
Phelactine removes hairy growths
—takes them out—easily, quickly
and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Sim-
ply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint
witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



JOAN CRAWFORD
GLORIOUS GIRL

The

MARQUEE CONTEST

Last Chance On The
Slogan Contest.



THIS is the third month of the
Marquee Contest and as soon as you
have filled in the coupon below, mail
all three coupons to this office. The first
coupon appeared in April, the second in
May, and below is the third. You must
send all three at the same time. If you
have mislaid your April or May issues, we
will be very pleased to supply a copy to
you on receipt of ten cents.

On the next page you will find a list of
names, and you may use anyone in this
list for the slogan this month.

Can you think of a slogan which is clever

and which has exactly the same number of
letters as the name of the star to which it
applies? Remember that the spaces be-
tween the words must each be counted as
one letter.

There are many prizes and the cleverest
slogans will win.

It is not essential that you be a sub-
scriber, but it is essential that you use the
proper coupons in submitting your slogans.
Each person must submit three slogans.
But each slogan will be judged on its merits.
It is possible for a person to win three
prizes if his slogans are sufficiently clever.

Write A Clever Slogan And Win One Of The Valuable Prizes.

(Coupon)

June, 1935

STAR'S NAME
(please print)

SLOGAN
(please print)

Submitted by

Street City State

Your Slogan Must Apply To These Names

Bing Crosby	Edward G. Robinson
Joan Crawford	George O'Brien
Claudette Colbert	Katharine Hepburn
George Raft	June Knight
Myrna Loy	Maureen O'Sullivan
Dick Powell	Victor McLaglen
Robert Montgomery	John Boles
Fredric March	Tullio Carminati
Ann Harding	Edna May Oliver
Miriam Hopkins	William Powell

PRIZES FOR THE BEST SLOGANS

FIRST PRIZE . . .

Remington Typewriter No. 9

Standard model (not portable) for practical use.

(2) SECOND PRIZES . . .

Men's Evkob Watches

(2) THIRD PRIZES . . .

Women's Evkob Watches

These are wrist watches, excellent time keepers, attractive cases.

(10) FOURTH PRIZES . . .

Men's Waterman Fountain Pens

(10) FIFTH PRIZES . . .

Women's Waterman Fountain Pens

These pens are practical as well as beautiful in design.

(20) SIXTH PRIZES . . .

Ronson Cigarette Lighters

Small size, dull chromium finish and thoroughly tested.

(30) SEVENTH PRIZES . . .

Helena Rubinstein Compacts

Any girl will be proud to win one of these beautiful compacts.

(50) EIGHTH PRIZES

Autograph Albums

These autograph albums bear the winners' names stamped in gold on the morocco leather cover and each album is signed by a movie star. The winners of these albums will be notified and at that time they can specify the star whose signature they especially desire. The albums will be sent to Hollywood for the signatures and then delivered to the prize winners.

CONDITIONS

- Each slogan must occupy the same number of spaces as the name of the star that it accompanies. The words must be separated by blank spaces and each one of these counts as one space.
- No slogan will be judged separately. Each contestant must submit three coupons—one from the April issue, one from the May issue (herewith) and one from the June issue.
- The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest slogans in the opinion of the editor, whose decision will be final.
- Any reader may send in as many slogans as he desires, but they must be submitted in groups of three, using the coupons from Silver Screen of April, May and June.
- This contest will close at midnight, June 7, 1935.
- In the event of ties the prize tied for will be sent to each tying contestant.
- No correspondence concerning this contest will be entered into.
- Address your slogans to Slogan Editor, c/o Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.



**It strokes
new life,
health and
beauty into
your hair!**

Here is the new great sensation of the world, the "Live" comb, which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair. Its shining metal teeth pass through your hair like living fingers. They are "alive" with a gentle electric current that invigorates your hair as an April shower freshens a field of grass. Electrical science releases the newest wonder worker, based on the logical principle: stimulated circulation!

Dandruff and abnormal falling hair checked in a few days! Lifeless, dull hair gains new life, becomes wonderfully lustrous! Straight and thin hair becomes thick, glistening, soft and wavy! A valuable aid in arresting growing baldness!

Thousands of testimonial letters attest these seemingly extravagant claims and European specialists explain the phenomena—that the electricity, passing from the battery through the double row of curved teeth reach the weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them. More than a million Evans' "Dermetro" Combs now in use by men and women throughout Europe—thousands already in America!

The electric current is generated by a battery in the handle. No shocks—no sparks—no need to "plug in." You cannot feel the current, but when you put the tester lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts several months—spare battery costs only a few cents. Thus at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which would cost you hundreds of dollars per year. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the new health and beauty of your hair.

EVANS' DERMETRO COMB

Do you want your hair more beautiful . . . healthier . . . better . . . then don't delay. Send now for this comb. Use it for seven days and if you are

not satisfied in every way with the improvement of your hair, just mail it back to us and we will immediately refund your money.

Sold in New York at all leading Department Stores.

--- ✂ --- **\$1000 GUARANTEE COUPON** ---

Mail at **G. LINDHOLM CO. Dept. SS-6**
Once to **607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

I enclose Money Order Cash Check for \$ Please send Post FREE Evans Dermetro Comb checked below, with full instructions and ready for use, along with your booklet "Care of the Hair."

☐ Evans Electric Comb, Standard model, at \$3.25 complete. ☐ Evans Electric Comb, gold plated DeLuxe model. \$5.00 complete.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Outside U. S. A. Cash with Order.

For C.O.D. delivery plus postage check here.

Standard Model ☐ DeLuxe Model ☐

Under guarantee of \$1,000 you undertake to return my money if I send the comb back within seven days and say I am not satisfied with the results. This is an absolute condition of my order.

THE EXTRACTS BELOW ARE QUOTED from authentic testimonials sent to us voluntarily, the originals of which are in our files and free to inspection.

" . . . I notice a great improvement in my hair. New hair is coming in and it has taken on a glossy and beautiful look."

Signed, Mrs. R. G.

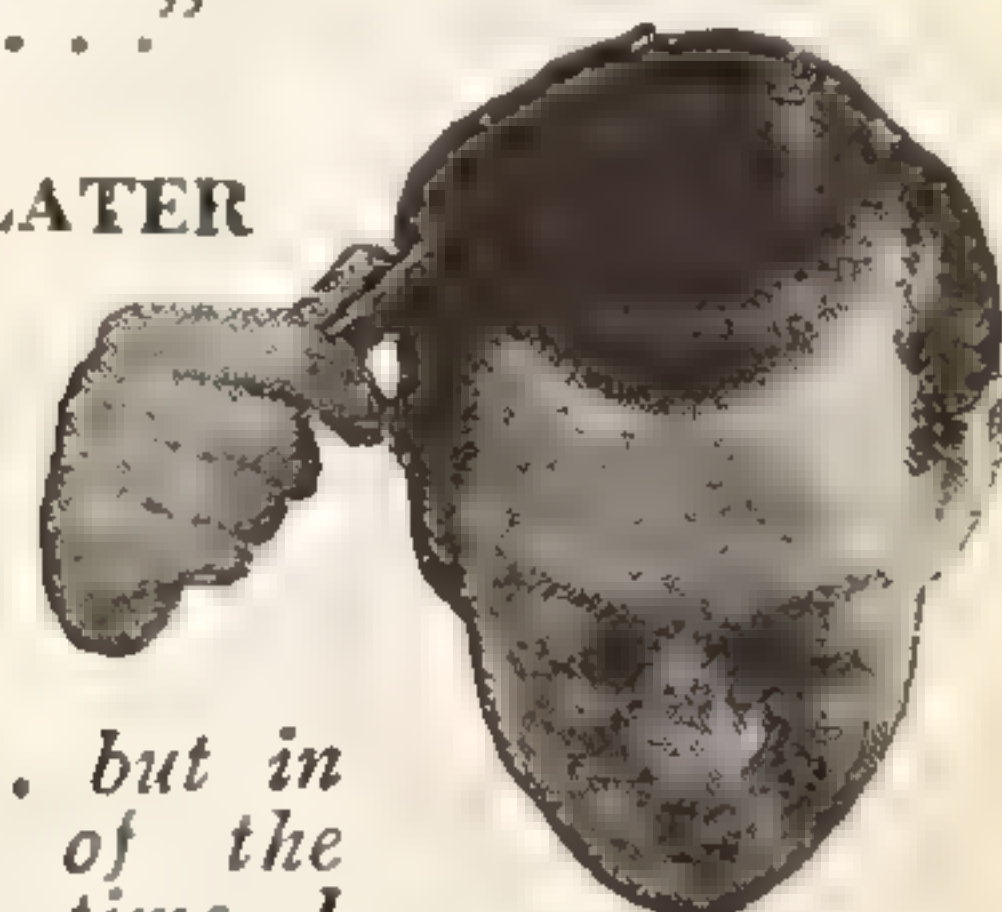


FIRST DAY

" . . . am now 49 years old. Already at about 30 my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray . . ."

the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray . . ."

LATER



" . . . but in spite of the short time I have been using your comb, I must say that the result is wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and MORE. The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody."

Signed, C. M. L.



FIRST DAY

" . . . Formerly my hair was thin and straggling . . ."

LATER

" . . . But thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful."

Signed, M. H.



This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

By *C. Lindholm*
NOTARY PUBLIC

Pat. Pending.



YOU'VE WON HIM— NOW YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

Don't let COSMETIC SKIN spoil your good looks!

So much of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear—appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually *spoiling her own looks*.

When stale make-up is not properly *removed*, but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes—enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its

rich, ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!

ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR



ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO—WITH GENTLE **LUX TOILET SOAP**



SILVER SCREEN

David Jack Holt
and his pal "Flush."
(Yep, he was in
"The Barretts of
Wimpole Street.")

Topics for GOSSIPS

WELL, Katharine Hepburn has had to break down and give an autograph at last, and quite meek about it was she too, and after all her raving and ranting that she didn't believe in autographing and never would do it. Many's the fan who has waited hours at the studio gates, and in front of a preview theatre, for La Hepburn and rushed up to her with the inevitable album, only to meet with refusal and rebuff. But a week or so ago Miss Katie, in a terrific rush to get to the studio, drove right smack through a red light on Vine Street in the center of Hollywood, and a couple of radio officers gave chase—a chase that didn't end until Katie reached the RKO gates. There, under the eyes of a crowd of sight-seers, fans, and fellow workers, Katie meekly accepted her ticket without a single word of backtalk to the Law. "And now, Miss Hepburn," said one of the officers, handing her the carbon of her ticket, "will you give me your autograph?" And Miss Hepburn did, without a single murmur. So a cop is about the only person in Hollywood who possesses a genu-wine Hepburn autograph.

AND speaking of autographing, Will Rogers aptly expressed the actor's viewpoint on autographs recently, when he was accosted while out riding on the Beverly Hills bridle path by a gushing young woman who said, "You must be bothered all the time by people like me," to which Will replied, "I'll really be bothered when I'm not bothered by people like you"—and signed her book.

THE romance of Virginia Bruce and Dick Powell waxes warmer and warmer. They Trocadero-ed several nights in one week.

ONE of Garbo's greatest fans in Hollywood is May Robson. Recently, when they were casting "Anna Karenina," Garbo's next picture, Mrs. Robson hied herself to the "front office" at Metro and requested a

favor. "Certainly, May," said David Selznick, the producer, "in honor of your fifty-second year as an actress I'll be delighted to grant you any favor you want." You guessed it—May Robson will play in her first Garbo picture. She will play Countess Vronsky, dowager mother of Fredric March.

WE ALWAYS suspected that the Swedes had a queer sense of humor, but now we know it after hearing about the "joke" Garbo played on Dolores Del Rio the other day. Garbo has been playing tennis on the Del Rio court for the last few months, and, when there aren't a lot of people popping in, will stay for luncheon. A recent Sunday she had a tennis match with John Gilbert and Dolores and Cedric Gibbons, followed by luncheon, after which she went home, promising to return later for cocktails. But instead she called Dolores on the telephone.

"I am very sick from the Mexican food you give me to eat," said Garbo. "I never intend to come to your house again."

"What?" gasped Dolores. But Greta had hung up.

Dolores hurriedly told John Gilbert what had happened but John only grinned. "It's only one of her favorite jokes," said John. "That's her idea of kidding people."

Sure enough, in an hour Greta called back and said, "I am only joking with you, Dolores."

There's nothing like Swedish humor.

FROM Louella Parsons we snatched one of the funniest stories we've heard in years. Jack Oakie paid a visit to the "Richelieu" set one day when George Arliss, all done up in the red cap and robes of Cardinal Richelieu, was doing the very inspiring cathedral scene which ends the picture. Jack started talking to Jenner, Mr. Arliss's valet and the one person who always plays a part in an Arliss picture, all about Detroit and the Cardinals. The very English Jenner thought he was in the presence of a crazy man, and was back-

ing away politely when he saw Jack walk up and slap Mr. Arliss on his left shoulder blade and say, "I like the Cardinals, too. I bet on them last year."

IRENE DUNNE and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, managed to leave Cuba just one jump ahead of the revolution, and in their scurry also managed to lose their trunks, so when she arrived in New York the first thing Irene had to do was to buy a complete new wardrobe. Irene and her doctor husband plan to spend their holiday together in the quietest place they know—the New York Adirondacks.

BILLIE BURKE is writing a play—about the younger generation. And Isabel Jewell has just sold a scenario, "The Public Stenographer," to Junior Laemmle, who bought it for Margaret Sullavan.

JOAN MARSH, who used to be the roly poly ingenue of the Metro lot, has reduced and sun-tanned and now is a most chic and stunning looking young woman. And almost every place you see Joan now you inevitably see the Marquis de la Falaise.

BELIEVE it or not, Janet Gaynor is the biggest vamp in Hollywood, though she'll tell you with a straight face that she doesn't mean to be. The last victim is Henry Fionda, Margaret Sullavan's "ex."

EDDIE LOWE, who rivals Gene Raymond as man-about-town, has been taking Merle Oberon of the slanting eyes to the night spots lately.

KEN MAYNARD'S hobby is archeology, and he is carrying it to the extent of making his wife an archeology-widow. When he finishes a picture, Ken dashes into Mexico by plane and camps out in the vicinity of the Mayan ruins until called

[Continued on page 58]

Ed Sullivan Says:

"CLAUDETTE IS NOT GOING TO STOP THERE"

THE SLIM, brown-eyed girl standing in Suite 12-D at the Sherry-Netherlands was an eyeful. Even a Broadway columnist, rendered critical by the glorized beauties of the late Mister Ziegfeld, was arrested by this one's chic and charm. A gray suit emphasized the Colbert slimness, sheerest stockings limned the slender ankles, and an array of reddish-toned bangs cascading down her forehead impudently defied the restraint of a saucy stream-lined hat. It was my first impression of Claudette Colbert, the No. 1 actress of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

We bowed civilly to each other, the way a queen of the cinema bows to a Broadway columnist who, she suspects, will report out of sheer devilment that the cinema queen beats her mother, sticks pins in Meadows, the butler, when he is serving crepe suzette, and otherwise gives evidence of sadistic tendencies that might well be investigated by High-Collar Will Hays.

"Will you," asked Miss Colbert, watching me warily and curiously, "have an Old-Fashioned or something?" The ordering of the Old-Fashioned served a variety of purposes. The time element involved in the phoning-for and delivery-of the drink permitted, (1), Miss Colbert to take off her hat, (2), Sullivan to take off his overcoat, (3), Miss Colbert to sit down, (4), Sullivan to sit down. I record these things in the order of their occurrence to refute those lispers of evil who would have you believe that I sat down before she sat down. This is a malicious falsehood. Me and Emily Post are like this and if you will inspect my crossed fingers, you will see that the bottom finger represents Miss Post sitting down, while the upper finger represents me standing up. The Old-Fashioned served still another purpose. It brought a warm glow into the hotel room and enriched the red corpuscles in the Sullivan blood. By the time nothing remained in the squat glass but a frayed piece of orange, it seemed quite right and proper to be addressing her as Claudette.

Stirred to the depths of me by the Old-Fashioned, and moved no little by her beauty, I said: "Claudette, when you were born in France, it must have been April in Paris and certainly the chestnuts were in blossom. I can see it very clearly—French gamins probably were gamboling in the Rue de la Paix and the stool-pigeons—I mean to say, the pigeons were feeding under the stone eaves of Notre Dame and—"

"I was born September 13th," she said. "The sign of Leo?" I said. "The sign of Scorpio," she said. "Another Old-Fash-

ioned," I said, for the mere suggestion of scorpions called to my mind my old Irish grandpappy's prescription for snake-bite. "But there are no snakes in the room," said Miss Colbert, when I explained about my grandpappy. "There were no snakes in Ireland, either," I said, "but if that alibi was good enough for him, it's good enough for me." Rather than offend his memory, she ordered another Old-Fashioned but there was reluctance in her manner.

"You are a very strange reporter," Miss Colbert marvelled. "You haven't asked me whether I'm going to divorce Norman Foster, you haven't whipped out a pad and a pencil, you haven't asked me if I liked the skyline of New York and you haven't asked me if I think color photography is here to stay. If you hadn't ordered two drinks, I would not believe that you are a newspaper man at all." Her secretary, Jane, had come into the room. "He hasn't asked me if I'm going to get a divorce from Norman Foster, Jane," said Miss Colbert, "do you think he's an honest-to-goodness newspaperman?" The tall, good-looking secretary nodded: "Well I saw him in the corridor and he was wearing a turned-down hat like those newspapermen in 'Front Page.'" It seemed to convince Miss Colbert, for she said: "Honestly, Edward, just what do you want to know?" and I told her.

"What am I going to do on the screen now?" repeated Miss Colbert. "I'm going to concentrate on light comedy. I want to fill the place in the movies that is occupied by Ina Claire and Lynn Fontanne on the stage. I never knew exactly what I wanted to do until 'It Happened One Night' came along and then I found out. It is light comedy, charming comedy—that's my future as best as I can plan it, without having the decisive say on story material. If I make six pictures a year, I'd like to do perhaps four comedies, perhaps one spectacular picture and one serious picture. I don't want to tire the fans with similarity of themes but my future, I'm convinced, lies in comedy as airy and gracious as the comedy motif of 'It Happened One Night,' the picture



that won me the Award this year.

"Not, you understand, that I take any personal credit for that grand flicker. That was purely and simply, a director's triumph. Frank Capra made that picture, inserted bits of 'business' and gave it the buoyancy that rendered it grand box-office. We all did just what he told us to do. All the credit belongs to him and I'm not trying to impress you with my modesty. I'm telling you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help me Paramount.

"Did I ever do a picture with Frank



Capra before? For the Love of Mike, Edward—"

I interrupted her: "Claudette you should not, even in excitement, forget your position as the No. 1 actress of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. For the love of Mike what will your fans think if they hear you say: 'For the Love of Mike?'"

She waved me aside: "Silly, that was the name of a picture. 'For the Love of Mike' was the FIRST picture I ever made and Frank Capra was the director. That's what I want to tell you. I was playing

Claudette Colbert discusses her future with genial Ed Sullivan, who is quite enthusiastic over the subject.

on Broadway in 'The Barker' with Walter Huston, and the Cosmopolitan studios in New York signed me to do a picture between shows. It was a college rowing picture, a silent, and my first impression of the movies was terrible. On a cold, chilly morning Director Capra assembled us on the frost-bitten banks of the Harlem River

where he was to make his action rowing shots. I had on a light pink dress, vintage 1927 and very collegiate, and I stood on the dam river bank and waved my handkerchief at Ben Lyon, the hero, until I was numb. Ford Sterling and George Sidney saved my life. They sent out for coffee every hour. Capra even then was a fine director. He had just left Harry Langdon, and before directing Langdon's pictures, he was a darn good gag-man."

"But it is curious at that, isn't it, that Frank Capra should have directed my first picture in 1927 [Continued on page 70]

"The roses make the world so bright,
The bees, the birds have such a time,
There's such a light and such a heat
And such joy in June . . ."

IN HOLLYWOOD there's joy in June—there's a dream like a bridal veil over the palms and mock-oranges, the blue Pacific, the shimmering desert, the greenly golden hills—and the stars, boys and girls and men and women, forget the studios for a space of time, forget Fame and electric lights and the arena and speak with memory-soft voices of weddings and first loves and anniversaries and unforgotten hours. They open their Treasure Chests again, now that June is here, and shake out their memories and the emblems of their dreams. Faded flowers and bits of ribbon . . . rare jewels and many other tokens, some little and lovely, some luxurious and lovely, which have marked the milestones of Romance.

Maureen O'Sullivan laughs with tears in her Irish eyes over the funny puppy named Roger which was Johnny Farrow's first love token to her. There have been many others, lovelier and costlier, but Johnny placed Roger in Maureen's eager arms in the days when he first courted her . . . and Roger is there with Johnny in Maureen's young heart.

Ginger Rogers' fingers the tiny heart of diamonds she wears always on a ribbon round her throat. For Lew sent it to her from New York before they were married, when he was East and she was West and they first realized that neither time nor distance must part them any more. Lew sent the tiny heart of diamonds and said "Here is my heart"—and Ginger has vowed to wear it next her own heart for so long as they both shall live.

Some of the symbols are simple and come from the heart. Others are rare and rich. Some are poignant with memory and others are giddy with laughter. Louise Fazenda tells me that on the first rainy day of every season she receives a mammoth box of—*pop-corn*. Years ago there was a boy in Hollywood. It rained the day they met. They could do nothing but sit before an open fire and pop corn. And from that time to this, the first rainy day of the year the pop corn arrives for Louise. She said, laughing: "I eat it with tears in my eyes."

Joan Bennett fingers a star sapphire set with diamonds and says in that muted, tender voice of hers: "It really was in June, you know, when Gene proposed to me. We were driving to a preview together in his car. We were talking of commonplace things, like studios and scripts. Suddenly he said 'How would you like to be married to me?' I said 'I think it might be very nice. Neither of us mentioned the subject again. A day or so later Gene called to take me out again. When he came in he handed me a little box, without a word. In the little box was this—this star sapphire ring. He placed it on my finger—the finger, you know, and it has been there ever since, from that night to this very day."

There must be some special sweet significance to the star sapphire for Messrs. Trabert and Hoefler, those commercial



Lupe Velez counts her bracelets and knows how much she is loved.

SYN

The Jewellers And Florists
Of Hollywood Help The
Lovers To Win The
Objects Of Their Affection.

Maureen O'Sullivan received a dog for a gift of love.



aides de camp to Cupid called Jewellers, tell me that Franchot Tone sent Joan a whole set of the lovely starry gems last Christmas time—a ring, a bracelet set with diamonds, earrings and two

clips . . . and they still remember the punctilious care with which Bill Powell selected his first anniversary gift to Carole Lombard, a star sapphire ring, diamond surrounded.

The Perfumers work for Cupid, too, for on every wedding anniversary none other than Wally Beery is scouring the realm of flower essences for a new one for his Rita. The most magnificent collection of perfumes in all perfume-conscious filmdom belongs to Rita Beery—and she has Wally to thank for them all.

Norma Shearer said to me the other day: "I dislike jewellery,

BOLLS OF LOVE

By Gladys Hall

The cabochon emerald that Marlene Dietrich wears is one of the largest—and it means a lot, too.



Pretty Joan Bennett treasures a star sapphire that was given to her by her Gene.



as a token of love or sentiment. It seems so *hard*. The only piece I really care about is the pear-shaped diamond Irving gave me for an engagement ring. I never take that off. But on our wedding anniversaries Irving always gives me something I especially want. He remembers wishes I have expressed through the year and gratifies the biggest one of all on our anniversaries. For instance, year before last he gave me a Rolls Royce town car. Last anniversary he gave me a beautiful fitted travelling case and all the fittings were of platinum!

Lovely, extravagant, heart's-desire things to fit the heart's-desire day it is.

"I always keep everything Irving has ever given me, from the biggest gift to the tiniest trifle. I keep all of the cards he has sent me with flowers, the ribbons on the corsages, the little nonsense-things he sends or brings me to mark some significant day or event in our lives together. I have them all, every least one of them."

This reminds me of an evening I spent with Mary Pickford at Pickfair some months ago, almost on the eve of her separation from Douglas. We were sitting together in Mary's dressing room and Mary showed me the cards Douglas had sent her with his flowers all through their years together. She read me some of the messages written in that dashing emphatic hand. One card said "These are for you—Cute and Funny!" and another "To the Duchess" and others with more tender, more personal messages. And I remember the look in Mary's eyes when she said, carefully replacing the cards in their special place "Only a very charming man, only a very *nice* man could write such things as these, don't you think so?"

Jewels and flowers are not, however, the only symbols with which Cupid speaks. On the first anniversary of Richard Dix and Mrs. Richard the Second, Rich fulfilled her heart's desire. They are living in Richard's hidden ranch. Mrs. Richard, it appears, had set her heart on changing the furniture, the drapes, the ornaments in the living room. On the morning of their first anniversary enormous packing cases greeted her eyes when she came down for breakfast. Richard and the men ripped them open. And there, all ready for installation, were the pieces of furniture, the drapes, the pictures and vases and odds and ends she had wanted, down to the ultimate details. All

that had to be done was to remove the old and install the new. Which was done forthwith. And there isn't a woman in the world who, when regarding some of the ancient household gods with a jaundiced eye, won't know what a thrill *that* must have been!

There is the always-mysterious love token sent to the mysterious Garbo—mysteriously. For, at the first hour of the first day of every new Garbo picture, just as the first "take" is ready to be made, there arrives for Greta a dozen magnificent white orchids! From her first picture to her last these orchids have never failed! No card is attached. There is no clue to the anonymous sender. No one knows how *he* knows at what hour of what day a new Garbo picture starts. Is it someone within the studio gates who is thus expressing a love he dare not put into words? Or is it love finding a way by that divine prescience which has no need of codes or clocks or calendars?

White orchids . . . star sapphires . . . they speak, it seems, the language of love . . . for Cedric Gibbons, on the night of his first date with the beautiful Dolores Del Rio, brought her a single, superb white orchid. And on every anniversary of that first night, Cedric still brings to [Continued on page 81]

THROUGH Joan Crawford's CLOTHES CLOSET

*Her Off Screen Wardrobe
Shown By Joan Herself To*

Muriel Babcock

TAKE it from this scribe, you haven't seen anything until you've gazed upon the private wardrobe of a movie star. Did I say A Movie Star? I meant to say the private wardrobe of Joan Crawford. Now, going through any woman's clothes closet is apt to be fun, in its way, but going through Joan Crawford's is The Tops. That is, if you like pretty clothes and I sho' do, honey, especially those little numbers which I saw hanging up on Miss Crawford's hooks. 'Um. They were clothes—lovely, luscious, the kind most of us dream about. Well, I saw 'em all.

It happened this way. I was perched on the squishy white, very comfortable couch in Joan's dressing room. Joan was sitting on the chair in front of the mirror looking utterly ravishing in a navy blue suit, single breasted, with huge, extra huge lapels. She wears it in "No More Ladies." Finally, I broke out with, "Missy Crawford, are you going to do anything about that suit in a big way, or are you going to bequeath it to the M.G.M. storeroom moths when the pitcher is over?"

"Well, yes and no," answered Joan. "This particular suit belongs to the studio. Adrian designed it, it can't be purchased, but I like it so much I'm going to have it copied for my own wardrobe. And so you like it, really?"

I assured her I did, indeed. And so did Director Ned Griffith, who stuck his head around the corner of the door about that moment with "I've got bad news for you, Joan. So-o sorry. Very bad news."

Joan looked alarmed. She wasn't going to have to work tonight?

Director Griffith put on his most menacing look and then, "You're excused for the rest of the day. Go home and look at your spring clothes!" With that, he disappeared.

That's how it all started. Somehow, I found myself riding home with Joan on her unexpected afternoon off. And we actually did look at her spring clothes. We went right through the clothes closets. And did a Babcock have fun!

In the first place, let me tell you that la Belle Crawford has not only one but four closets opening off the large white mirrored dressing room of her Westwood home. One contains studio wardrobe, another street things, number three holds all the evening frocks and number four, her pajamas and negligees. Then there are shoe cabinets, drawers in which she keeps her bags, gloves, scarfs, handkerchiefs and other accessories. Up above the compartments where hang her frocks—and all hung up by Joan's own loving hands for she is One Star Who Keeps No Personal Maid—(I know you're startled, but I assure you this is true!)—are her hats. These are sorted and put away according to color and then by shade. For example, you find all the blue hats together and the light [Continued on page 65]

This blue suit is worn by Joan in her new picture, "No More Ladies," and she is having it copied for her personal use.



NIGHT SPOTS

In Hollywood

Where The Stars Meet Their Friends.

By "Liza"



The beautiful Garden Room of the Victor Hugo. Here romance stirs to life and love grows warm.

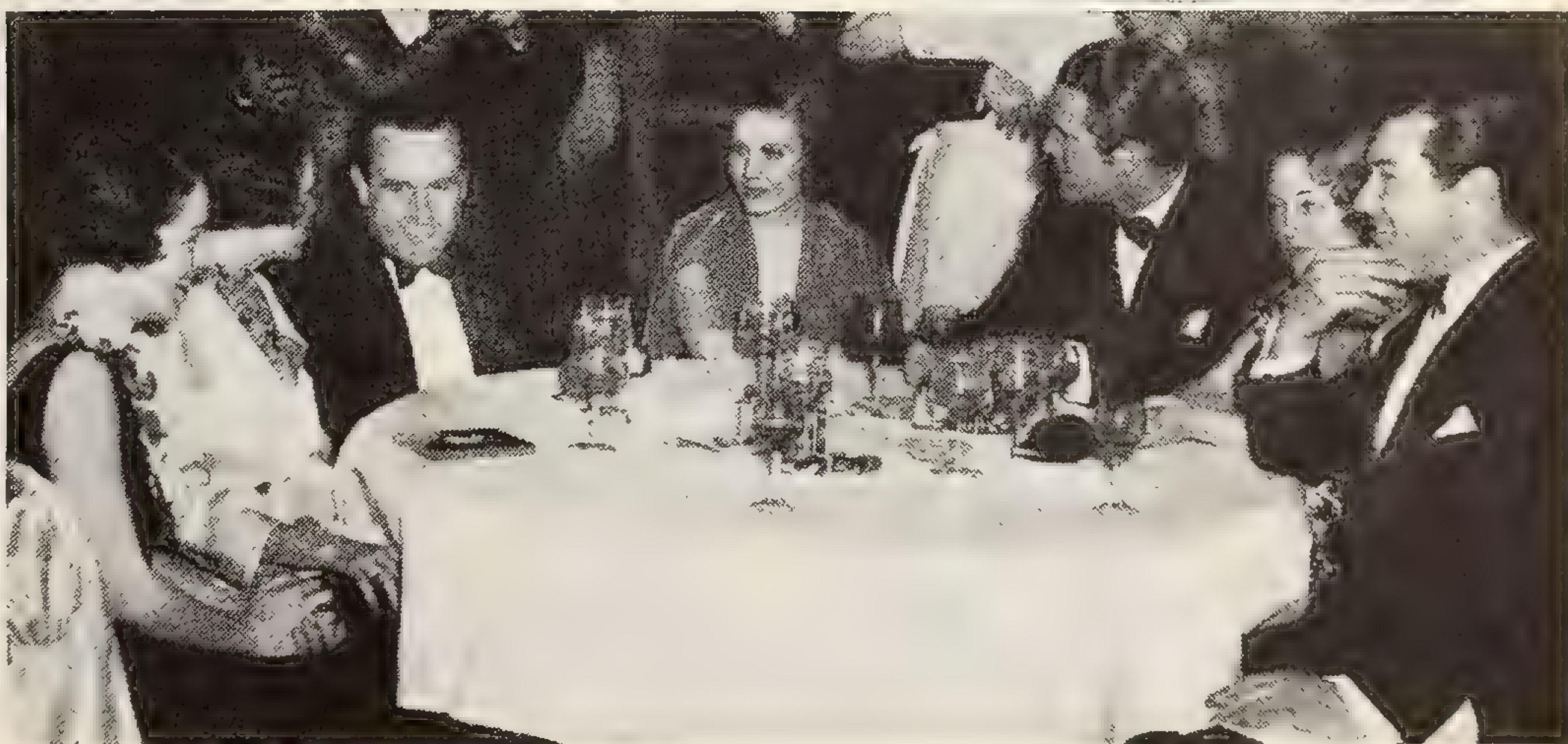
The classic exterior of the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills.



LIKE a duck takes to water, like Garbo takes to secrecy, like Harpo takes to a blonde, that's how I take to night life! As soon as those shades of night that the poets mouth about have fallen, I throw off my languor with a gusto that surprises even me and start stomping about in quest of a jigger of joie de vivre. I fancy myself a sort of a Joy Girl with vine leaves in my hair and lilting like a radiator cap, all set to trip the light fantastic in Hollywood's gay spots, and on occasions I have been known to trip three partners, Jean Harlow, a Bennett, and a zither player all during the same dance. Oh, I'm terrific in a tango.

Well, anyway, to continue this series on night life among the thespians, which I started three months ago before I became a bitter cynic over the income tax and Snooksie Shot's complete disinterest in winning a race, well, anyway, the show must go on and so must this series, so tonight Li'l Missy will take you to three of Hollywood's best jernts. Those shades of night have fallen at last, thank goodness, so I'll just draw my tippet about me to ward off that breeze from out of the sea that chilled and killed my An-nabelle Lee (mi-gosh, I'm up to my eyebrows in the poets tonight), step on the gas, and off we go to dine at the Victor Hugo.

With the opening in Beverly Hills recently of the Victor Hugo, Hollywood, in the broad sense of the word, now possesses one of the finest and most exclusive restaurants in the country. Through nearly twenty years of traditionally splendid service to a discriminate patronage, the Victor Hugo has made its name famous all over the world as



Gaiety at the Victor Hugo with Helen Ferguson, Mrs. John Mack Brown, Harold Lloyd, Mary Brian, "Big Boy" Williams, Mrs. Harold Lloyd and John Mack Brown in merry mood.



The King's Club, a popular oasis.

synonymous with rare food, rare wines, and delicious menus.

When it was way downtown in Los Angeles, the restaurant catered to the "carriage trade" of the red plush era, and beneath its elegant chandeliers many a platinum

mounted lorgnette peered at the escargots, many an oeuf benedict dripped surreptitiously on a costly bosom, and it was all

quite, quite regal and rather dismal. Then, sink me, as the Scarlet Pimpernel says, if suddenly the Victor Hugo, like its own Adams Street dowagers, didn't decide to lift its face, pluck its eyebrows, and move uptown.

Furthermore, a cocktail hour was instituted and also supper dancing every night in the Garden Room, with Lawrence King's orchestra—and the younger set and the movie crowd piled in, and the dowagers and the traditions didn't mind at all, in fact they did everything but rush around with autograph albums the first night Dolores Del Rio came to dine and dance. So the Victor Hugo, in a dignified way of course, "went [Continued on page 67]

The TWO LIFE BECAME

The Fates Irresistibly Draw Together Two Who Are Destined To Love.

Bing Crosby and the family, Gary Evan Crosby and the twins, Dennis Michael and Phillip Lang.

ON MAY 2, 1904, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Crosby of Tacoma, Washington, rejoiced at the advent of a baby boy. Perhaps they sighed gently, too, for Harry Lillis Crosby was their fifth child and Mr. Crosby's salary as an accountant must be spread a little thinner each year as his brood grew taller. Shortly after this blessed event, however, the opportunity to better his financial affairs arose and the family moved to Spokane.

Small Harry must have been a roistering and noisy child. He developed early a passion for galloping about the lawn and up and down the sidewalks astride a broomstick, shouting, "Bing! Bing! Bing!" to his spirited steed until the harassed neighbors began to call him, "that little Bing boy." The name stuck.

At about the time when Bing was acquiring his permanent nickname a blonde baby girl was cooing in a crib in Harriman, Tennessee, two thousand miles away. This was in 1911. Her father was a building contractor and there were no sighs at the advent of this mite because the Lee family had no other children and had wanted her very much, indeed. As the colored cook put it, that family really *needed* a baby!

When Dixie was three her parents noted proudly that she could hum, with astonishing accuracy, any tune which she had heard once. When she was four she lifted the hem of her brief skirt and kicked her little heels in a gay infant version of a dance every time she heard music.

And while the tot in Harriman, Tennessee, was displaying these tendencies, the gawky young Bing, in Spokane, was donning his first grease paint for an appearance in a grade school version of . . . for goodness' sake! . . . "Julius Caesar!"

Meanwhile the Fates . . . those enigmatic sisters who spin the thread of destiny, weave the pattern of life and snip the fabric according to their own whims . . . sat placidly at their work. For what do the Sisters care about miles, about mountain ranges which divide their selected ones, about time or tide or railway fares? They weave their bright or somber patterns without regard for geography! They had spun a thread on one end of which was the dancing tot in Tennessee . . . at the other the gawky Caesar in Spokane.

Young Bing used to hum, too. He used to do it until he drove his brothers and sisters frantic. He said that he *liked* to sing in his own, curious fashion. He liked it, in fact, better than anything else in the world. He had an innate sense of rhythm and while Dixie was tapping out the throb of music with her small feet, Bing was developing an overwhelming desire to play the traps.

He sold peanuts at the ball park, picked apples on neighboring ranches and when he entered the preparatory school at Gonzaga University, he made a down payment on a set of drums. Those drums were an excellent investment. A schoolmate named Al Rinker played the piano and the lads organized an orchestra which played for school parties. They paid their way through school with their earnings.

Bing was studying law, rather half-heartedly, until a theater

owner in Spokane booked the orchestra for a short engagement, and he had the opportunity to sing and play his traps behind the footlights. That one glimpse of a theater, backstage, that one taste of applause, ended his law studies.

Bing and Al packed the drums and set out for Los Angeles. They ran out of money before they arrived and traded the valuable drums for enough gasoline to finish their journey.

Here the thread between these two lives began to tighten. Dixie Lee's family moved to Chicago just as Bing was entering Los Angeles. Snatched from the sleepy respectability of the little Southern town into the bustle of the Windy City, Dixie gazed about her widened horizon with wondering eyes. Her first, adolescent, ambitious gesture was to enter a song contest at the Hotel Sherman. This won her her first job—just as Bing was obtaining his first Los Angeles engagement at Mike Lyman's Tent Cafe.

One fateful evening Paul Whiteman dropped into a theater where Bing and Al were doing a turn . . . and he hid himself backstage to invite the boys to join his famous band.

Dixie was engaged to join the roadshow of "Good News" at Pittsburgh, her first real stage engagement. The two were farther apart than ever so far as geography was concerned. But the Sisters Fate knew what they were about.

Bing visited every large city in the country with Whiteman and Dixie found herself, somewhat to her astonishment, singing "Southern Blues" on Broadway. By the time Bing reached New York, Winfield Sheehan had seen her and had signed her to come to Hollywood to sing in the "Fox Movietone Follies!" They just missed each other that time. And there was the entire continent between them.

The Fates, I think, had decided that each of them had a great deal to learn about life and about singing before they would be ready to encounter one another and embark upon their real careers!

Harry Barris joined the Whiteman band and he and Bing and Al became the "Rhythm Boys." But even when they returned to California with Paul to make "The King of Jazz," Bing and Dixie did not meet

STORIES THAT ONE!

By Helen
Louise
Walker

Pretty mother,
Dixie Lee, is as
happy as she is
beautiful.



Dixie's bright hopes of her Fox contract were beginning to dull. She played a few small rôles and sang a ditty or two but nothing much came of it.

By the time that Whiteman, after months of ado, had finished "The King of Jazz," Bing had turned playboy in a big way. He and his two pals asked to be released from their contracts with the band so that they might remain in California. They went to work at Los Angeles' famous Cocoanut Grove and things began to happen right away.

Bing was on the crest. For the first time in his haphazard career he was in a position to be asked to sing. "Always before," he says, "I had been a footlight entertainer and the people out front had had to listen to me whether they wanted to or not." At the Grove they could ask for me. One of the greatest thrills of my life was the realization that they were doing it more and more often."

He had, never-the-less, his moments of discouragement. On these occasions he would ask advice from friends and it appeared that there were numbers of people who were not only willing, but anxious, to undertake to manage his career for a share of his earnings. He signed these contracts light-heartedly and broke them later with the same innocent aplomb...until the day of reckoning arrived.

Here the Fates brought the two ends of their fine-spun thread together.

Bing, flushed with success and acclaim, besought by numerous famous and glamorous ladies, glimpsed at the Grove one evening the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He contrived to be introduced and asked her if he might sing a number especially for her. She acquiesced and Bing lilted, "I Surrender, Dear!" as he had never sung it before.

The Fates smiled and contemplated their first part of their carefully wrought pattern with satisfaction.

Later Bing was heard to croon, "Just One More Chance?" with pleading intonations . . . and patrons of the Grove gathered that he and Dixie had quarreled. Los Angeles' and Hollywood's night club public followed the progress of that romance with avid interest.

The Powers at Fox advised Dixie that she had best cease to

be seen with "that crooner." Dixie did not cease to be seen with him . . . and the studio failed to take up her option.

Bing and Dixie were married. The Fates smiled again.

Bing had rejected several radio offers from the East. He wanted to stay in California where he was a big shot. Where he had met and wooed and married Dixie. News began to drift in about the success of his erstwhile pal, Russ Columbo, on national hook-ups. Bing, nudged a little bit by his bride, decided that he had been pretty silly to neglect those opportunities. He wired his acceptance of one of the offers.

Bing's success on the radio was phenomenal. His records sold like the proverbial hot cakes. Paramount paged him to return to the Coast to make a picture . . . "The Big Broadcast." No one knew whether or not he would be a success as an actor. The contract was tentative, dependent upon the success of that first picture venture. He proved to everyone's satisfaction that he was a success as an actor.

But this was not the end. Not at all!

Bing and Dixie moved into that now-famous Toluca Lake home. Their son was born and subsequently the twin boys, whose advent swelled the Crosby breast to bursting with pride in them.

If the studio Powers had been doubtful about whether Bing could act . . . they were also dubious about whether his petite wife could sing! They offered her a rôle in an unimportant picture, "Love in Bloom," and Dixie, in the language of the old Broadway, "Wowed 'em." She wowed them to such good purpose that she was signed for a Fox' special, "Redheads on Parade." The studio which dropped her contract five years ago because of "that crooner" is now paying her something like eight times the weekly salary which she was receiving then!

The Fates smile. These two are so much *alike*. Neither of them, for instance, has ever learned to read a note of music. They are both natural singers, both have an inborn sense of rhythm. Neither knows the slightest thing about business. Both are (and this is an anomaly in the show business) rather shy. They dislike making public appearances. They are extremely informal in their manner of living.

They do *not* sing merrily about the house. Neither likes the other to hear him or her twittering a ditty. Neither has ever visited the other on a set or in a broadcasting or recording chamber.

They are exceedingly independent and correspondingly tolerant. If one wishes to see a motion picture and the other does not . . . each does as he pleases and no questions asked. Fortunately their tastes in people and in amusements are similar.

They live simply and quietly. Now that they are both working in pictures, their lives move smoothly along parallel lines. Work at the studio in the day time . . . home to frolic briefly with the three youngsters . . . perhaps an evening of listening to other singers on the radio!

Those were two long paths leading from Harriman, Tennessee and from Spokane, Washington, to Toluca Lake. But the Fates had spun their thread and tied it fast between these two.

THE stars have an innate speculative instinct. Otherwise, they would not be gambling with movie fame. That blind hope in a miraculous destiny expresses itself in their careers and in their zeal for games of chance.

They pilot airplanes, play fast and furious polo. They bring their votive offerings to the roulette wheel. They follow the races.

In nervous tension, they will bet on anything—whether Garbo is going home, even if Lupe and Johnny will really separate. From pinochle to pingpong, from the ring to roulette—including backgammon and bagatelle—zest is added to every game by a financial risk.

The thrills compensate for the cost. Hazard suits the mood of Hollywood, where each hit is an accident and every rôle offers potentialities. As Marian Nixon once remarked, "One's spirit is constantly standing at attention."

Like a race-course, Hollywood is never dull and stupid. Continually, there is a "meet" on, with high-spirited contenders stamping the dust, racing neck and neck for better contracts. Each awaits the dramatic spurt.

Exaggerations prevail in Dramawood. Life is not the slow and subtle march of gradual evolutions that it is elsewhere. In one day it runs the scale from the crowned heights to the obscure abysses.

So many things affect the cast of the dice—a rôle that antagonizes a formerly eulogistic public, a breath of scandal, a feud, sudden illness caused by straining nature at too swift a pace and lack of reserve vitality. Option-time stalks the future with its fearful question-marks: How shall I run in the next lap? Will I be left at the post or win the race?

Wally Beery is the only actor who refuses to be perturbed by the seesaw of success. He says, "I've had over twenty years of pictures. Every five years I get 'discovered' all over again, hit the heights, then slump. It's just temporary, either way."

But his co-freres have not achieved his balanced, calm outlook. Every one is always in a frenzy of hysteria about something—a rôle or a romance, a quarrel or a wager.

Sportsmen take their fun in sweeping gestures, betting recklessly on all games. There are horse-races and auto competitions, dog-races and bicycle pedal-prances. Roulette fascinates and bridge stakes merit respect.

Particularly keyed to the thespic tensility is the spirit of a horse-race. In one day at Santa Anita the stars placed bets totaling \$335,000.

Since playing the ponies took a huge sum from George Raft one afternoon, he has been more conservative. However, there's lucky Frances Drake, who gathered in several bonanza bets.

Few actors know the "points" of a horse. They back hunches. Pat O'Malley thought *Terry O'Malley's* name a good omen, and put down the works. The *O'Malley* came in first.

On the other hand, Gilbert Roland lost a lot on Connie Bennett's two-year-old, *Rattlebrains*, before it eventually ran second. And for months Bing Crosby backed a nag named for him, though it never got into the money.

Several actors placed solemn faith in a steeplechase contender, *Azucar*, merely because the word is Spanish for "sugar." A frivolous young thing refused to bet on the likely *Sabula*, explaining with a sniff, "That's Polish for onions!" Others wagered on *Twenty Grand*, considering his name prophetic. Some said they backed *Cavalcade*, just because the picture of that title was successful.

"GAMBLERS



The excitement of making pictures, winning statuettes and owning a race horse is the breath of life to Clark Gable.

No, I don't know for whom Connie named *Rattlebrains*. Maybe for Hollywood.

Which leads us to that flirtatious ingenue, *Beverly Hills*. Clark Gable's faith in his filly is supreme, though costly. What-price-loyalty? Now that the stars are entering their own horses, studio employes grumble that they feel it a tacit duty to patronize their own players' ponies as well as their pictures!

Beverly Hills can't seem to keep her mind on her job. She hesitates, apparently to admire the view. "Picking flowers!" her backers murmur, in disgust. "Belongs on the bridle-path!" Occasionally she trails along to see what it is all about. Once she actually finished only a furlong behind the others. Clark was jubilant.

His fans like *Beverly*, anyhow. A sweet flapper rushed into the paddock, threw her arms around her and gurgled,

"Oh! I've hugged the horse that Clark owns."

Tweet-tweet?

Beverly isn't the only also-ran. Raoul Walsh's *Press On* hugged the starting gate at Santa Anita, proving there's nothing in a name. Connie's *Rattlebrains* seldom worries other contenders. But she looks so chic in her owner's colors, grey with American beauty trimmings.

In Bing Crosby's string there are four "sure winners," he says. His pet hopeful is *Westie*, named for a certain glamorous gal. Raoul Walsh has had varying luck. His *Greyola* won him a \$29,000 purse, but died, and another broke its leg.

Al Jolson's *Concord* and *Kildare* alter-

Every Day Hollywood Takes A Chance On
Be Gamblers, And Finally It Gets In

ALL"

By
Myrtle Gebhart



The Santa Anita Track, which has given Hollywood a new set of thrills.

nately repay and disappoint him. Once he backed another entry, the favorite—and *Concord*, maybe just to rebuke his disloyalty, won. Did Al look foolish?

On the day of the big handicap the boxes at the Santa Anita handicap are filled with cinema celebs, the grandstand is packed with people. Crowds mill around the betting booths, gay colors dot the clubhouse terrace, and countless railbirds call advice as the jockeys mount their nags.

The air becomes tense as the high-spirited horses strain and paw at the barrier. "They're off!" the cry soars. "Oh, they're bunched at the turn! . . . There they go, into the stretch! My baby's a nose ahead!"

Shouts and squeals record reactions, as glasses are trained on the track. Charlie Chaplin looks melancholy, Paulette Goddard excited. Joan Bennett surveys the field through her lorgnette. "How'rya?" Jack Oakie greets all and sundry. Joe E. Brown's mouth is agape, the Marxes are noisy. Ruby Keeler bets on a winner

named *Jolson*.

Warren William is intent, Ricardo Cortez nonchalant, Stuart Erwin glum. Al Jolson grins, Jimmy Durante scowls. Arline Judge figures on her pad busily. Wynne Gibson's clenched fists pound the air, as she cries, "Ride him, boy!" The race is reflected on the chameleon faces of the movie players.

Yet hard-boiled touts and seamy-faced toughs, who play more methodically and coldly, rake in the winnings while the temporary darlings of film fortune become broken reeds.

Harry Green, who kibitzed the early talkies, is reputed to have misplaced close to \$100,000 at Agua Caliente, of which the bones rolled away \$27,000 in one evening. His career also waned dramatically.

Joseph M. Schenck is a sort of civic papa to the Agua concession, as chairman of the board of directors. This czar of the casino favors "chemin de fer," starting only with a bank of \$10,000. The producer is no sluggard at poker, either. Intimates of

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle claim that he sets aside \$50,000 a year for his pet indulgence.

Jean Harlow took \$3500 away from the roulette table one eve-



Al Jolson is a horse owner and a great race fan.

ning. Joe Morrison followed her system and emerged with \$1800 profit. Eleven roulette bets added \$16,000 to director Raoul Walsh's wallet, and an hour at the dice tables \$2000. Jimmy Durante, Bebe Daniels and Bill Powell have been repaid by the dizzy little ball.

Anna Sten once parked \$800 for an evening's fun, however, and Pola Negri left a \$700 tip to the muses of the whirling wheel. Harold Lloyd seldom plays; but when he does he allows the goddess of chance a \$60 stake. When that is gone, he quits. Clara Bow used to be "an avid roulette fan, you'll remember. She also used to be a famous movie star.

Ed Lowe, Bing Crosby, Leila Hyams and Tom Mix are other patrons of Agua's gaming rooms. Tom's appearance in nearby Tia Juana means a shower of nickels for the Mexican kidlets.

The mad Marxes wager on everything. From Chico's "Let's *slippancy* who pays the lunch check!" to Zeppo's bridge spoils, life is a gamble. This Big Bridge Boy cleaned up \$90,000 during one season. Groucho beguiled almost as much into his pockets during conferences over the galloping ivories. Challenged, the versatile Zeppo switched to dear, old Casino—and took everything from his opponent except the latter's profile and charge account.

Buster Keaton is another bridge baron. His addiction is supposed to profit him over \$10,000 a year. Others also play serious and skilful bridge. Their casual bets would keep me in this-and-that for quite a while. Russian bank has its fans, too.

The weekly bouts of brawn at the Legion Stadium attract a cinemese ringside who cheer the fighters whom they have backed.

In their financial investments the gambling spirit prevails. The stars open shops, buy oil wells and gold mines and factories, and soon their capital fades away.

Some win—some lose. Just like film fame, it's all a gamble.

leasing The Public. The Players Have To
their Blood. They Are Gamblers All.

I HAVE never gone in for hero worship on a big scale. I am an average sort of person and prefer steak and potatoes rather than crepe suzettes as a steady diet. I will admit there is a tremendous thrill in seeing Clark Gable, Fredric March, Ronald Colman, or Leslie Howard in a clinch with any of the lovely ladies of screenland but, gosh, I forget all about them when I watch Roland Young, Stu Erwin, ZaSu Pitts, Louise Fazenda, Frank McHugh, Edna May Oliver, Lewis Stone, Adolphe Menjou, Billie Burke, or Frank Morgan.

Morgan is a particular favorite of mine. It is a hundred to one shot he'll run away with the honors in any picture in which he is cast. He has been doing this for years. Even back in the days when he was cavorting on the New York stage he was feared by the stars he so ably supported, though most of them had the good sense to realize they could not do without him.

I recall one play, "The Firebrand," in which he was such a wow that the temperamental star closed the show for a week rather than let an understudy play his part during an illness. He knew too well that, with Morgan on the stage, he would never be missed and he dare not put it to the test. Strangely enough, when this play was made into "The Affairs of Cellini," Morgan, in his old part, duplicated his Broadway success by walking away with the picture also. Morgan's name on an 8-sheet is a guarantee that at least one performance will be worth the price you pay for admission. He is so valuable, in fact, that most theatre managers bill him equally with the star and I have seen his name on the marquee when the star's was omitted entirely.

Morgan doesn't care much who gets the glory so long as he turns in a good job . . . a job which satisfies him. To hell with a success which is based on the transient emotions of a fickle public. . . . Frank Morgan expects to be here in a big way when many of the stellar names of today are listed with the forgotten man.

With my mind skipping along in this vein you can perhaps understand my elation in finding that ace comedian and picture stealer, Hugh Herbert, in New York at a time when I had a story to do on the clique he so ably represents, and needed some first hand information to verify a lot of private opinions. Just when I was beginning to think I was the step-child of the universe I got a break like this. I hied me up to the Warwick Hotel for a twelve o'clock luncheon appointment elated over

my good luck and seeing blue skies in spite of the rain which had assumed the proportions of a torrential downpour.

I asked Hugh how he felt about playing "second string" to people like James Cagney, for example. He grinned.

"Funny you should have picked Jimmy," he said. "He worked for me once and now, in a manner of speaking, I'm working for him. Jimmy played in a vaudeville act I wrote and produced, called 'That's My Boy.' I believe it was one of his first vaudeville engagements. Yes, he was good. I liked him then and I like him now. As to how I feel about playing 'second string' to Jimmy. I think I helped him when he worked for me and I feel I am helping him now with my support. I think Jimmy feels the same way. We've just finished making 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and we all had a lot of fun. Jimmy surprised us in the rôle of 'Bottom' and he loved it."

Then we talked about Adolphe Menjou

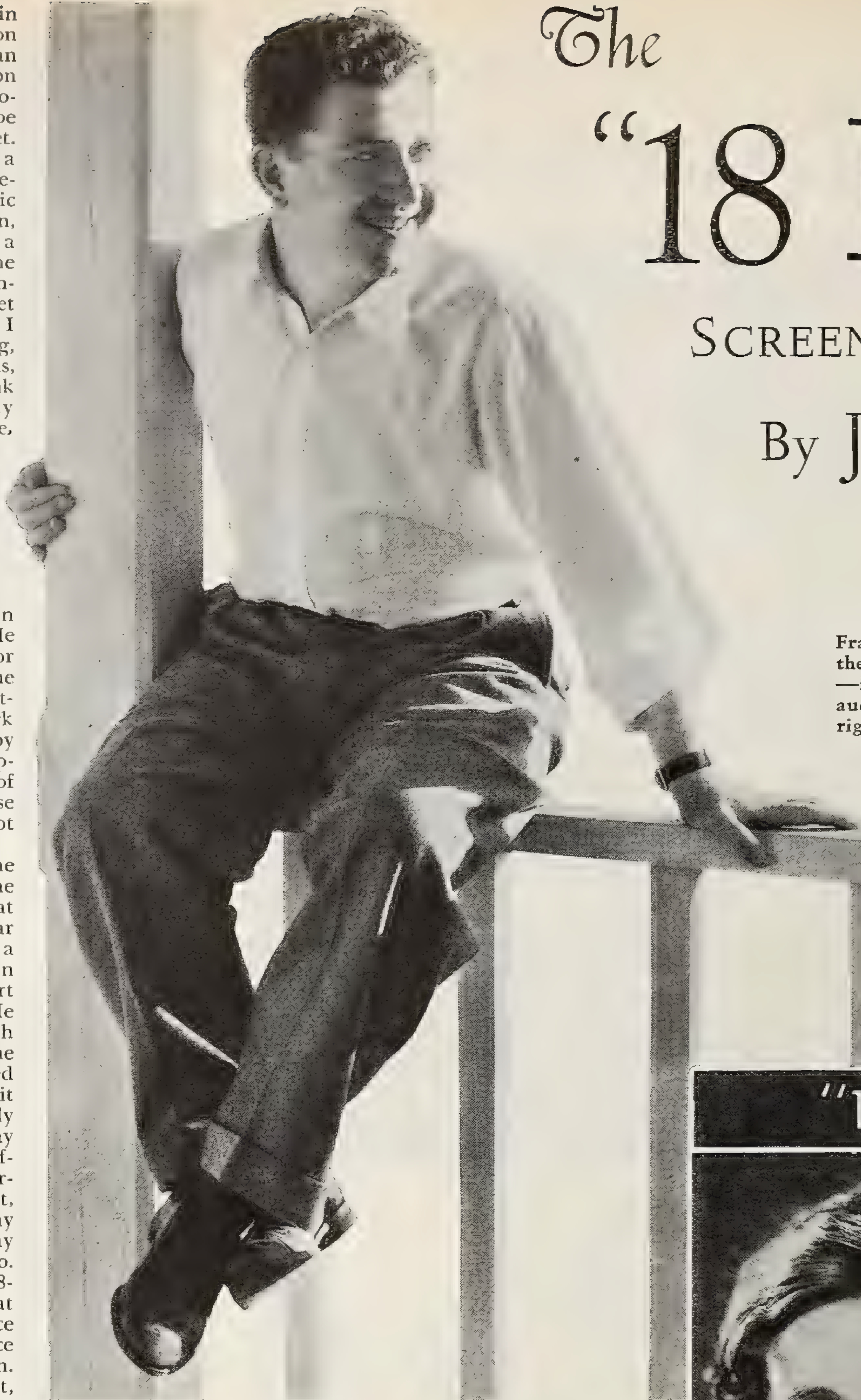
The

"18 K"

SCREEN PLAYERS

By Julia Gwin

Frank McHugh has the darndest laugh—it rouses every audience to laugh right back at him.



ZaSu Pitts is a favorite with imitators, directors and fan editors.

Every Ship Has A Figurehead, But That Is Not What Makes It Go. And Every Picture Has A Star—!

whose classification, incidentally, becomes a bit difficult. Many would call him a star. Certainly he has a following the equal of any, excepting perhaps the Harlows and Gables. Menjou has been up and down the ladder of film favor many times but he is too sterling an actor, too much of an asset to any picture to remain in obscurity long. He gives us the realism we ordinary folk recognize and for that we like him . . . always.

"Menjou," Herbert informed me, "is one of the highest paid actors in Hollywood. He is a free lance and when a director sends for him it is because he really needs him. Hence Menjou can afford to stand by his guns as far as salary is concerned. He could afford to be 'snooty' on the set for the same reason. But he isn't. He has the grandest sense of humor and he can take more ribbing than anyone I ever saw. Don't you think his work shows this quality? When we were making 'Convention City,' Archie Mayo, the director, poured it into him on every occasion. It was touch and go between them every minute. I don't



When a part needs putting over—any part—Adolphe Menjou is drafted.

know anyone who doesn't like to work with Adolphe Menjou."

Menjou is a worthy addition to any cast. He always does the right thing. However large or small we remember his as the one perfect part in the mould.

The same can be said of ZaSu Pitts. I'd like to wager she has never done a bad job in her life. She is too absorbingly conscientious in everything she does. She is like that in real life. When the cows she bought so that she might have fresh milk for her two children, one of which is

adopted, supply her with more milk than she needs she gets in her car and personally delivers the extra supply to the needy ones living near her. Is it any wonder she is able to get a quality of kindness in her work?

ZaSu has a tremendous following and more imitators than anyone I can think of



The blundering embarrassment of Frank Morgan in "Naughty Marietta" and "Cellini" is only one of his many screen moods.

in pictures. She is so downright natural at all times she sticks in your memory long after even the story is forgotten. Over a period of several years ZaSu Pitts has a larger number of screen parts to her credit than any woman in pictures. The solution perhaps lies in the fact that people like the Pitts and the Herberts, who do not depend upon the classic outline of a profile, the slumberous lure of half veiled eyes, the tantalizing promise of laughing lips or of youth, for which there can never be any substitute, get right into the hearts of the public by their absolute sincerity and simplicity. Their humor is tinged with a human kind of pathos which gets under your skin and does things to your Adam's apple. Rough and kindly and wise, human and so, so real, they have the quality of greatness for which we love and remember them.

Take Edna May Oliver and compare her Hollywood record with that of any star you know. Directors have come to rely on her to bolster up a story which is oftentimes too weak to get across even with the names of the biggest stars in Hollywood. Give Edna May Oliver a little rope and she'll take the worst story in the world right out of the ash can and make it a boxoffice asset



When they come to count up the reasons for the success of David Copperfield they may find Edna May Oliver heads the list for her wonderful Aunt Betsy.

by the inimitable laugh-getting personality which she possesses.

There are so many fine, steady troupers, the backbone of this ever changing profession, that it is a difficult thing to select a few to mention here. There is Sarah Haden, whose contribution to films might well bear the illuminating mark of "18K"; Grant Mitchell, who in his smug rightness is annoyingly necessary; Una Merkel, with all the external qualities for stellar honors, taking it on the chin in picture after picture to back up a spotlighted personality. There is Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks, Stuart Erwin, Alice Brady. . . . I could go on until some time next week.

Frank McHugh is a shining example of the powers behind the throne. I checked up on his record and found it an enviable one as far as quantity goes . . . quality, well some of the conversations I've overheard in theatres when McHugh came on the screen have made me realize that I would give my next year's salary check if I could have his army of admirers. McHugh has one sure-fire means of getting a laugh . . . his laugh. When all else fails, which isn't often, he turns on the battery of his smile, and the contagious noise we associate with him, and he has all of us in the aisles.

As for Herbert, I found him a cultured, interesting, easy-to-know, comradely sort of individual. He isn't the pathetically helpless person he so often portrays on the screen, for he does a number of things amazingly well in a quiet, well ordered manner.

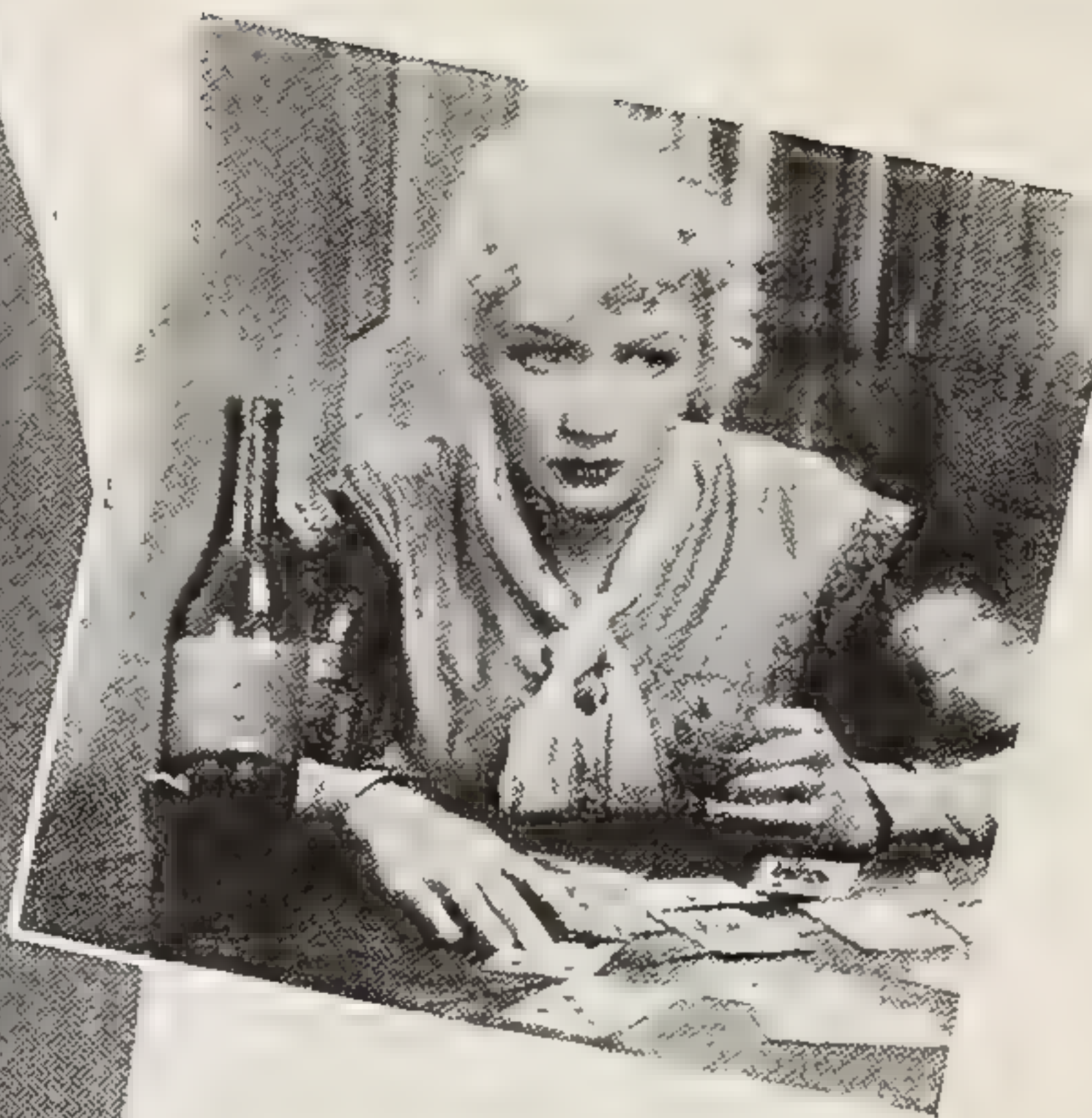
Conversation moved so briskly at times I had to drag it back to the object of my visit again and again. I had been wondering among other things about pictures that start out to be one thing and end being something entirely different, due to some character developing unexpectedly. An audience usually gets a great kick out of seeing a player, star or otherwise, steal a

[Continued on page 63]

The NEW GORGEOUS SCREEN

Miriam Hopkins' New
Picture, "Becky Sharp,"
Is All In Color

By Radie Harris



The blonde beauty
of Miriam, in color,
will double your
delight.

ARE YOU color-conscious?

If you aren't, you should be, "on account of" Technicolor, like love and a lot of other promises, is just around the corner. If you don't believe me, ask Miriam Hopkins — she knows.

Miriam has just finished "Becky Sharp," the first one hundred per cent color picture, and, from now on, she's color-blind to everything else. Even at 10:30 A. M., before she had sipped her morning coffee, she was rabid on the subject—and when Miriam assails you with the Hopkins enthusiasm, it is more contagious than a Hollywood rumor!

"First motion—then talk—now color! It's the inevitable sequence of events!" she enthused, as, looking like a Laurencin painting, all pink and white and gold, she presided over the breakfast table, in the charming study of her Sutton Place home.

Motion! Talk! Color! Certainly, no one could have better epitomized the three than Miriam herself.

"After 'Becky Sharp' is released, every film producer is going to realize the flatness of black and white," she exclaimed over the Casaba melon. "Color creates reality—it reveals Hollywood stars exactly as they are in ordinary life. If they are naturally handsome and beautiful, they'll photograph that way, but if their coloring is synthetic—achieved with peroxide, henna and rouge, then Heaven help them; they'll be exposed!

"Then, too, color heightens emotional scenes. For example, in 'Becky Sharp,' there is a dramatic sequence with Frances



much less of a strain than black and white. Remember, the normal eye is naturally attuned to color, and the black and white is as poor a substitute as sub-titles were in silent pictures."

"What about make-up? Is it different from the usual screen make-up?" I asked, eager for more facts.

"It is more like a stage make-up, only a little warmer," Miriam enlightened me.

"And what about the camera? Does it require any special equipment?" (This is the first time I had ever "gone technical" on an interview, and was I impressed!)

Miriam, who knows all the answers, including Technicolor, was all prepared for me. "A camera with three pieces of film—yellow, blue and red—photographs the pure color right on the film. All in all, there is far less drastic change involved than there was in the transition from silence to sound."

Miriam's enthusiasm isn't limited to Technicolor alone. She is equally thrilled over her new contract with Sam Goldwyn.

"It's for two years, with a three-month vacation clause each year. I may take the six

Dee, where I learn for the first time that her sweetheart is dead. The scene is made far more effective through the use of color, because as soon as I see her mourning garb, it is a visible symbol of tragedy to me and the audience."

"But won't this introduction of color somewhat detract from the scene as a whole?" I wanted to know.

"It will," was Miriam's retort, "if there is no subtlety used in the preparation of colors. Just as costumes shouldn't overshadow the player wearing them, so color shouldn't be so blatant that it distracts the attention. Now color is identified with costume extravaganzas, but in a short time, when it will be used commonly in all pictures, it will prove

months all at once, and do a play, if I can find a good one . . . in the meantime, I'm all excited about my new picture, "Barbary Coast," which Charlie MacArthur and Ben Hecht are adapting, and Bill Hawks is directing. Sounds like a swell set-up, doesn't it, especially if Freddie March plays opposite me, as, in all probability, he will. And, Oh! I must tell you about my elaborate dressing room headquarters in the new building on the United Artists lot. They are too divine—just like a private apartment, with an ante-room, living room, dressing room, dinette, kitchen and bath!"

This all-in-one-breath announcement left me no more breathless than it did Miriam. By now, I have learned that a conversation with Mrs. Hopkins' little girl is like a ride on a scenic railway!

She has the exhaustless vitality of an over-excited child. All during our breakfast, she was continually interrupted by a constant flow of telephone calls.

Would she pose for Cecil Beaton?

Had she read her radio script for the Shell Oil Program?

Could she lunch with Norman Bel Geddes?

When did she want a fitting appointment at Bergdorf Goodman's?

Etc., etc.—and far into the morning.

Unperturbed, Miriam answered each and every one. And when, because of her limited visit in New York, she had to turn down many of these requests, she begged off so graciously, that one could almost hear the "intruder" on the other end of the wire, cursing himself for being such a nuisance.

Miriam has traveled a far road since that day, four years ago, when I visited her on Waverly Place in Greenwich Village, to give her her first movie interview.

Hollywood was the great "unknown" to her then—and she was scared to death of it, just as, not so many years before, she was a frightened youngster from Savannah, who danced in the chorus of the "Music Box," waiting for her Big Chance on Broadway.

Today, the world is her oyster!

Her career, already a gratifying success, gives every indication of reaching new heights under the Goldwyn banner. The fortune she has amassed by dint of her own hard work has enabled her to enjoy the art of living.

In Hollywood, [Continued on page 60]

The Hollywood Stages Re-echo To The Sounds Of The Stars At Work.



Visit The Picture Makers With S. R. Mook.

At the Fox Studio

IT TOOK my favorite actress, Dixie Lee, almost five years after she married Bing Crosby to make up her mind to come back to the screen, but once having made it up she's coming back with a vengeance. I've always contended that if Dixie would only take screen work seriously she could be one of the really big stars of the cinema and it does my heart good to find out she's not going to make a liar of me.

No sooner had she finished "Love in Bloom" (which, unfortunately, did not turn out to be such a muchness—although she scored a great personal hit) than every studio in town started bidding for her, because there are darned few young girls in pictures who can sing a hot number—and none who can sing one as Dixie can—and who have looks and can act, too. Dixie, being smart, has so far refused to sign with any of them and is picking her parts. Accordingly, we find her cavorting in Jesse Lasky's favorite film for 1935, which he is producing for Fox. It is called "Redheads on Parade" because a hundred years ago Mr. Lasky produced a vaudeville act called "Redheads" which was phenomenally successful and gave him his big start.

The story of this piece is just too complicated. It is about a couple of men who make a preparation to dye one's hair blond in half an hour. They decide to make a movie featuring blondes to advertise their preparation, and it's all started. Then, at the last minute—just before it's finished—they back out. So another company that makes *Titianola* which will turn you into a red head in less time than you can say "scat" comes along and offers to buy up the film, re-shoot part of it and release it to feature their red heads. No, I guess I got it wrong. I told you it was too complicated. It's the *Titianola* people who started the thing and backed out and Jack

Haley and Alan Dinehart, who are connected with the company, are talking things over in John Boles' dressing room. They feel pretty blue about the whole thing, too, let me tell you. Suddenly the door bursts open and John Boles dashes in. "What's all this about?" John demands. "We've got new backers," Alan informs him.

"Who is taking over the picture?" John persists.



John Boles, Jack Haley, Alan Dinehart and Dixie Lee going dramatic for "Redheads on Parade."

"A coupla fellow who make blond hair dye," Jack puts in.

"I'm sorry," says Dixie appearing suddenly in the doorway, "I couldn't help overhearing what you were saying. Who did you say is taking over the picture?"

"Two men named Kunkel & Redfern," Alan admits.

"Kunkel & Redfern!" Dixie ejaculates, "Why, they're Twill's biggest competitors!"

Suddenly Haley gets an idea. "Competitors!" he beams. "Say! Why didn't we think of it? Twill won't back out of it now. Let me at that bird!" starting for the door.

"Cut!" calls Norman McLeod who has been borrowed from Paramount to direct this picture.

"Hello, ducky," says Dixie to me. "You better come out soon or your nephews won't know you any more."

And just then her stand-in, Kitty Sexton, who could have had me but who married Dr. Sexton instead, comes up to ask where the hell I've been. She puts it that way because Kitty is a lady who never believes in leaving any doubt in a person's mind as to what she means.

Well, I could take up the whole department telling you about Dixie and Kitty and right smart reading it would make, too, but the editor wouldn't like it and neither would the publicity departments so I trek out to Mr. Fox's back lot where Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian are emoting in "Under the Pampas Moon."

The set is the front of an *estancia* in the Argentine. It is a solid white stucco front of a house with a perfectly enormous door, all studded with bolts. Suddenly Warner dashes up on a horse with Retti seated in front of him and a lot of villainous looking men riding after them. He pulls the horse

[Continued on page 73]



Director Ludwig and camera crew photographing Paul Lukas, Madge Evans and little David Jack Holt in "Age of Indiscretion."

Preview flashes from **SHIRLEY'S** greatest picture. **"OUR LITTLE GIRL"**

by Jerry Halliday

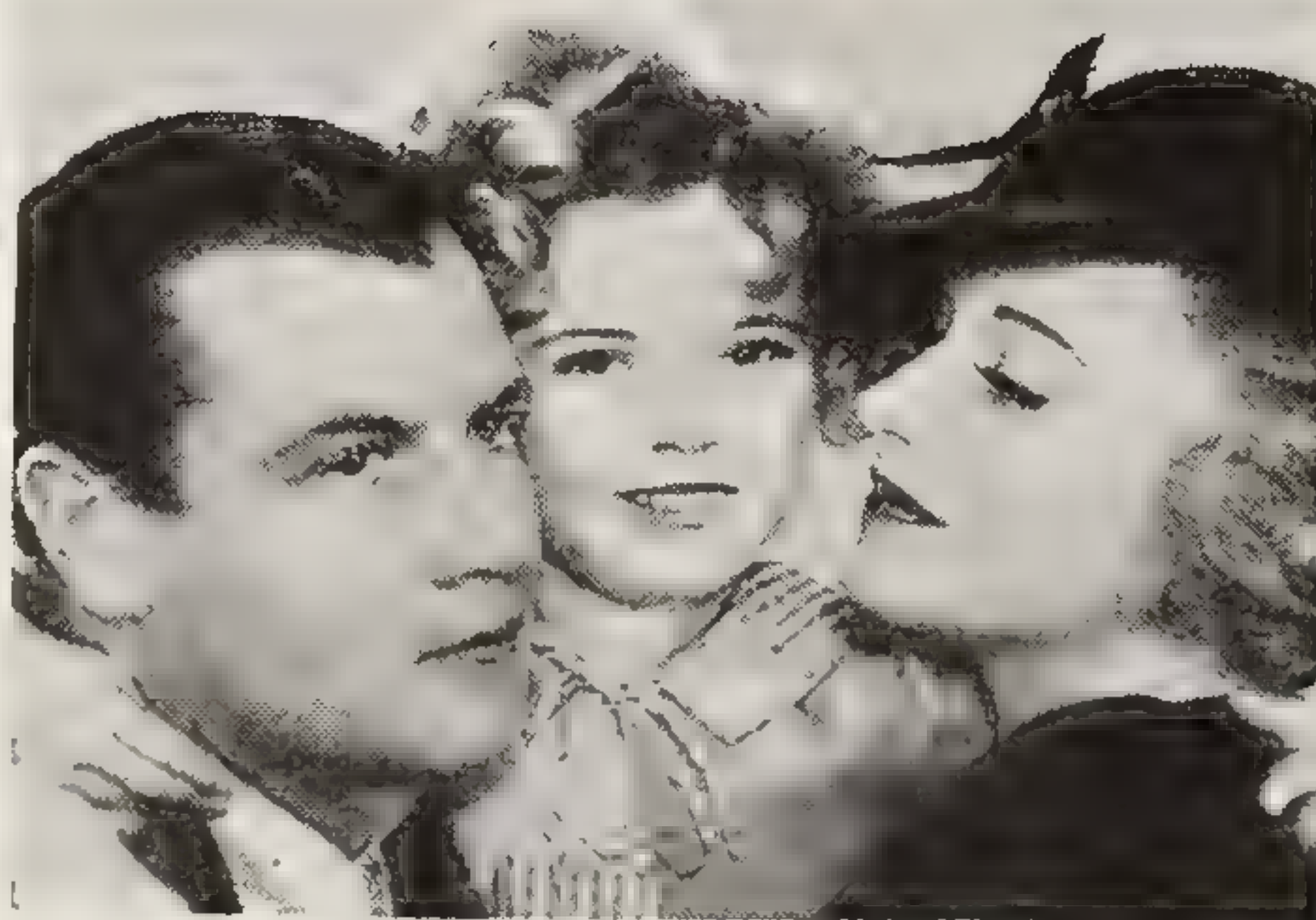


**She plays at being happy to
rebuild a shattered dream!**

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A "must-see" picture!

If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

**SHIRLEY DANCES AND
SHE SINGS . . . TOO!**



Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.



You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."



Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

Shirley
TEMPLE

in
**'OUR
LITTLE GIRL'**

**ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA**

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf





HERE COMES
THE BRIDE!

IN "RECKLESS," Rosalind Russell, with four bridesmaids and a maid of honor, strolls with reluctant feet toward the waiting groom. How happy he should be and how very miserable he is! Bachelor-hood, with its carefree nights, is slipping away from him and it is, alas, too late to do anything about it. Rosalind has got him and her pals are celebrating the event. Ring out, O Joyous Bells! Really, he should dance and sing, for responsibilities will make a man of him and if the pictures are to be believed now he can live happily ever after.

PICTURES ARE GETTING

There Are Only A Few Costume Pictures Now Coming Through, And The Actors Have To Shave Once More.



Charles Laughton and Binnie Barnes in "Henry VIII."

WE CAN go cultured for just so long, and then we begin to remember "The Thin Man," and yearn for a daily newspaper instead of those classics which are so good for us. Before the costume cycle is washed up, however, there are some great pictures to come. DeMille's "The Crusades" will undoubtedly be great entertainment. Everyone is interested in "Becky Sharp"—it is in color, you know. The "Nell Gwyn" picture (from England) has been cut until it is now acceptable, and "Loves of a Dictator," which has Clive Brook, is also a promising English picture.

This flood of pictures of other days was occasioned by the success of "Henry VIII," "Cavalcade," and others. For, up to the time they were O.K.'d by the box offices, producers were more or less afraid of making pictures which presented their great stars in entirely different rôles than the types which had won success.

Unquestionably, we will always have some costume pictures, but it is with pleasure that we, at this time, look forward to some story of contemporary folk.



Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook in "Cavalcade."



Will Rogers and Billie Burke in "Doubting Thomas."



Ah! It is "Paris In Spring." Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis.



Alan Hale and Loretta Young in "The Crusades."



Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie in "It's a Small World."



Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in "Nell Gwyn."



Clive Brook harangues the populace in "Loves of a Dictator."

At right we find Lukas and M. Evans in "Agony of Indiscretion."

BACK TO NORMAL



his performance in "Private Worlds," Charles Boyer revealed his ability to dominate the private world of the movies.

An Actor In A Fancy Regalia Is Apt To Hide Behind It. It Is Not Fair To Him To Be Obligated To Play All Rôles In Costume—And The Customers Might Become Satiated.



The new Katharine Hepburn picture, "Break of Hearts," has the very satisfactory John Beal and also the charming Charles Boyer.



Victor McLaglen and Margot Grahame in "The Informer"—like a letter from home.



To get around glorifying gangsters the Federal Man-hunters are the heroes nowadays. Richard Arlen and Harvey Stephens in "Let 'Em Have It."



Mae Clarke, well and back at work with James Dunn in "Man Proposes."



OFF TO THE WILDS —

The Moving Picture Troupe On Location Has A Quality That Stage Acting Troupes, With Their Painted Scenery, Never Can Equal.

THE silent "Westerns" taught America more about the foothills and plains than all the geographies put together. They had the same appeal as the National Geographic Magazine has today. The screen, however, is not disposed to lose its scenic standing and recently cameramen, directors and actors have journeyed to far corners of the earth to bring back the flavor of authentic settings. "Hoss Operas" are being revived and the old gorgeous salaries are being offered to the boys who can ride with Death at their saddle girths. Tom Mix and others set a hard pace, and today we expect hard riding and "Hell-for-Leather" recklessness with our scenery.

The "Call of the Wild" company found the atmosphere for their picture on Mount Baker, 1200 miles from Hollywood.



George O'Brien far from the studio for "The Cowboy Millionaire."



Loretta Young and Clark Gable in the "London Store."



Even on location for "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," artificial lights are used to soften the shadows.



Jack Oakie finds the chilly location work brings out his unsuspected Eskimo blood. Gable is at his best in "he-man" parts.



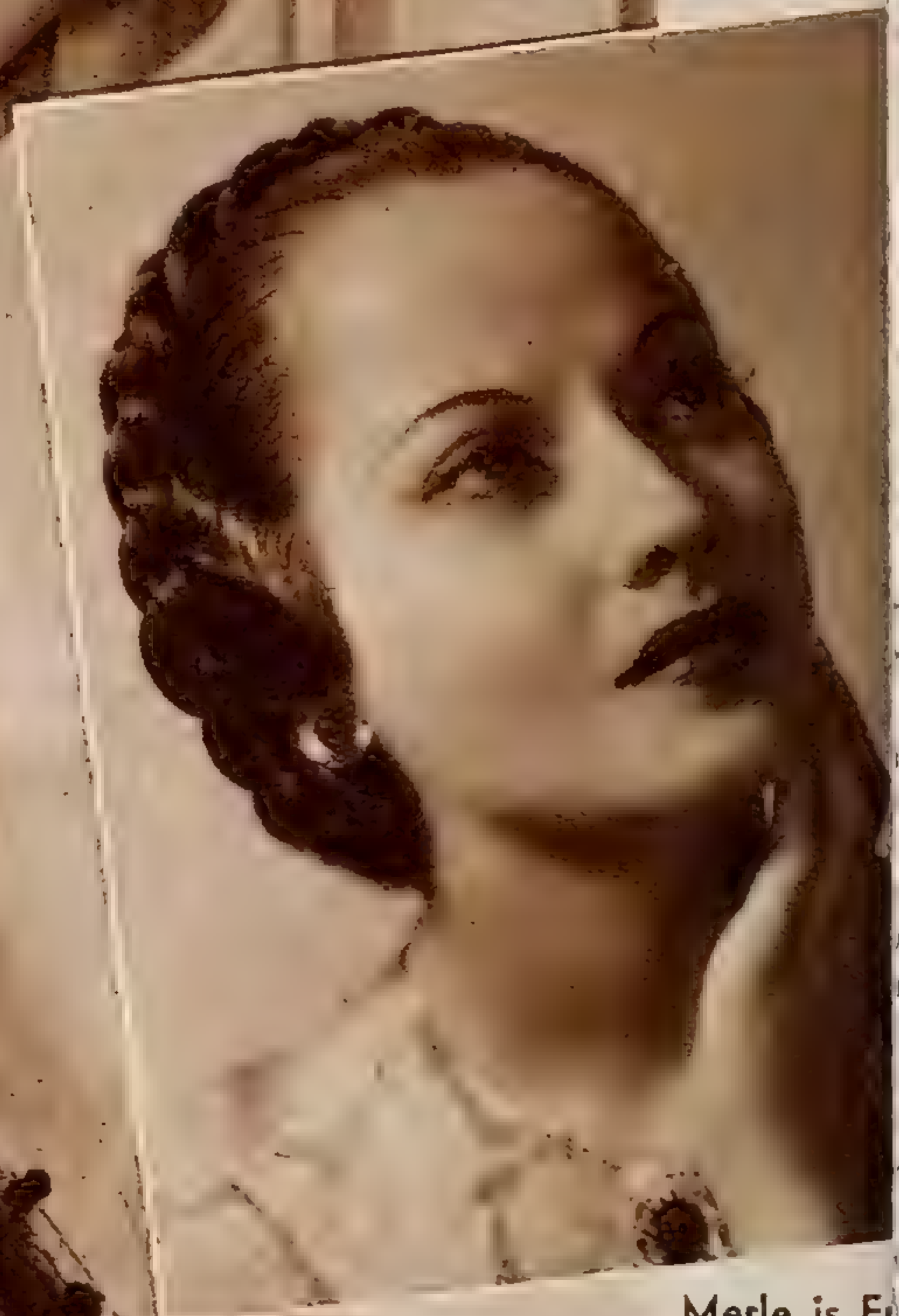
"Under the Pampas Moon"—Warner Baxter and gauchos.



Charles Sellon's character becomes more real because the picture is taken in natural surroundings.



Warner Baxter and the fascinating Armida in his old Cisco Kid costume.



Merle is English and made a real hit with "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

Merle Oberon booked to make "The Dark Angel" in Hollywood.

Those Beautiful "TIPPY" EYES

Hollywood Has Found A
New Kind Of Beauty That
Is Irresistibly Fascinating.

FOR years, while Myrna Loy was growing on us, she fixed her eyes up at the corners, and that, coupled with the way she has of half closing them, has made us conscious of the charm of tip-tilted eyes. Now comes Merle Oberon, whose eyes have a delightful slant and upsets us so that Anna May Wong has the chance of her life for conquest. Myrna's eyes really do go up a little, and who can deny their charm. Kathleen Burke has clung to her popularity practically by her eyelids and Katherine DeMille wisely accents the upward lift of the corners of her eyes. Rosalind Russell is booked for great things and not the least of her equipment is the devastating angle made by her lashes. Merle Oberon has captured the word *Exotic* and there is no word more desired by beauties. It suggests, so easily, strange new standards of conduct as well as of beauty, that the imagination is intrigued.



Myrna Loy has left the Oriental type behind her, but her eyes, remembering, still lift a little at the corners.

Kathleen Burke has survived the hoodoo of being a contest winner.

Rosalind Russell. Look for her in "Reckless."



Katherine DeMille. A beauty in "The Crusades."



Mickey Rooney as Puck.

SHAKESPEARE'S "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

*Max Reinhardt Has Brought
Shakespeare's Immortal Fan-
tasy To The Screen.*

"**A**WAKE the pert and nimble spirit of mirth," sings William Shakespeare in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Act I—Scene I) And that is the motif of this delightful classic. We who see comedies of the Wheeler and Woolsey type, feel that hilarity and jesting are modern weaknesses. We feel that enduring things are serious. It is on a par with the fellow who was saddest when he sang. As a matter of fact, a merry quip is its own justification in any age. Every report on the screen version of this famous piece confirms the belief that Max Reinhardt has captured a gay and merry mood for his great production.

We believe this classic is a step between the swashbuckling costume pictures and the classic operas.



Jean Muir as HELENA,
Ross Alexander as
DEMETRIUS, Olivia de
Haviland as HERMIA
and Dick Powell as
LYSANDER.



Max Reinhardt sur-
rounded by the
principal players—
Joe E. Brown on
his right and James
Cagney on his left.



Jean Muir as
HELENA.

Great inventiveness was
shown in making the bats.
The fairies were covered
with cellophane threads.



James Cag-
ney as BOTTOM
and Joe E.
Brown as
FLUTE.



Anita Louise as
TITANIA.

"WOULD"

Is There Something
About Frills That
Makes A Man Frivo-
lous?

SOME dresses seem to be designed to be provocative, as unbelievable as that may sound. The masculine instinct is toward injury and brute strength. Do the girls realize this when they cover themselves with nicely arranged flounces and frills? The new fashion seems to bring out the idea that a girl's ruffles are but symbolic of the tender state in which she waits the coming of her man. Symbolic, too, of the sweet surrender and the irresistible quality of the special ruffle-crusher.

Trust the pictures for seizing upon a fashion that is beautiful and gently persuasive. It is, because of its flower-like delicacy, flattering as well.



Eric Linden and Joyce Compton embrace bravely and let the ruffles take care of themselves.

Mary Ellis wears a charming apricot frock of flat chiffon designed by Travis Banton. The bias tunics supply newness of design and the lilt of the wide brimmed hat suggests the coming millinery trend.

DO YOU CARE TO CRUSH MY RUFFLES?"



Hardie Albright and Adrienne Ames in "Secret Lives," at a moment when it seems that Adrienne is relying a bit too much on the protection of her ruffles.



At left, in "Private Worlds," Joan Bennett is held in the arms of Joel McCrea. Her frills and laces are forgotten—there are other things now to prey upon the mind.



At right, Robert Young and Evelyn Venable in "The Vagabond Lover."

BETWEEN SHOTS

When You Are On The Set They Always Seem To Be Waiting.

THE camera man catches some of the great of the screen, during working hours, when they are standing by to give the grips and juicers time to arrange the effects to the complete satisfaction of the director.

No assistant director, star, sound man or character player knows when the director will summon him, and so he must wait. In fact, he cannot even ask the director if he is going to be used. The director is seeing the whole picture in his mind's eye and as he studies each scene before the "take" he must recall the timing of the previous scene as well as the part the scene plays in the action.

Directors are a silent, thoughtful lot.



Rouben Mamoulian, directing "Becky Sharp," outlines his idea of the next scene to Miriam Hopkins and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.



Maurice Chevalier and Gary Cooper fill in some waiting time at the water cooler at Twentieth Century—while Chevalier was working on "Folies Bergere" and Gary was making "The Wedding Night" with Anna Sten.

When Warner Baxter was on location the girls of the Taft School, Taft, California, got him to pose for snapshots.





Philip Moeller, director of "Break of Hearts," explains something to Katharine Hepburn.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU (George Arliss) rests in his canvas chair while he talks with Edward Arnold and Douglas Dumbrille between shots.



MEN of the MOMENT

THERE are many strong swimmers fighting against the tides and currents of Hollywood. Occasionally a good story or some other fortunate break, like a favoring wind brings to the front new faces. And sometimes old favorites, much to our delight, lead all others. This month the appearance of Nelson Eddy in "Naughty Marietta" has attracted much attention to this fine singer and, obviously, a brilliant future is within his reach.

Fred Astaire, who stepped (and we mean stepped) to the front in "The Gay Divorcee" and "Roberta," is scheduled to make a third picture, "Top Hat," along the same order.



This good looking newcomer is Robert Taylor. Next in "Murder On the Fleet."

Fred March will next be with Garbo in "Anna Karenina."

After all these years Gary Cooper turned out to be an actor.



Lucky indeed is the ocean
that can boast Dorothy
splashing about in her
Catalina suit. Conserva-
tive, but intriguing.

Maxine Doyle in her swim
suit. It is very jaunty and
at the same time it offers
no resistance to the water
or to any eyes on the
beach.

Back view of Maxine's suit
which shows even less re-
sistance to the water. A
Catalina masterpiece.

Ethelreda Leopold's suit
consists of baby pants and
bandana with lacing. De-
signed by Catalina.

SWIM IN BEAUTY

Patricia Ellis dressed in the
very latest style swimming
togs. The baby pants and
bandana are separate and
each is fastened on with a
good reliable knot so Pa-
tricia does not fear that
she will be covered only
with embarrassment.



Girls In Bathing
Suits Mark The
Advance Of
Wholesomeness
Against The
Dying Order of
Prudery.

All suits shown are
Catalina Swim
Suits.

SHIRLEY



Little Shirley Temple, the cutest kid in the movies, has regular school hours.



The bungalow that was built at the studio for Shirley, for school and dressing room.



Interior of the school room showing the school desk and blackboard.

Shirley's New Picture Is "Our Little Girl." She Is Going To Take Her Father And Mother On A Vacation Trip To Hawaii.

TEMPLE'S EDUCATION

The Littlest Star Spends Four Hours In Study Every Day.

By Elizabeth Wilson

I WAS in quite a pet the morning I received a wire from my editor in New York telling me to do a story on Shirley Temple's education. Me-ee, a sophisticated writer of the gin-and-bitters school! Me-ee, who hasn't heard the patter of little feet, except those of cockroaches in Greenwich Village, in years! Me-ee, who's 'ad me own 'orses, as Auntie Bee Lillie would say. Me-ow. And I may say that it didn't help matters any when Carole Lombard, who is my idea of the most fun, called and asked me to play tennis with her. "I can't," I groaned bitterly, "I have to do Shirley Temple's education." "That," shrieked Carole in hysterics, "is the most beautiful bit of miscasting I have seen in Hollywood. Stick to your tennis, Toots."

And right on top of that Claudette called and wanted me to shop for Early American furniture with her. "I can't," I groaned even more bitterly, "I have to do Shirley Temple's education." "Indeed," indeeded Claudette with a charming sneer, "so that is what you have been studying up on the alphabet for?" I didn't bother to answer. I simply pulled the phone out of its moorings and threw it at the cat. Just because I am a southerner and often fall into my

native lingo, Claudette, who is a Purist—but only where the English language is concerned—has fits. Me-ee, who has me own diploma, too. Just give a Frenchman a course in English grammar and he moves right in.

But it's true, I'm not much good around children. They frighten me. I always feel horribly self-conscious and have an uncontrollable desire to bite my nails—which would never do in front of a child, I'm sure. Maybe I don't know the right people, but my friends never seem to have children, or else they put them to bed before I arrive for dinner, so I really haven't had much of an opportunity these last few years to get acquainted with the generation who will be on top when the old rocking chair's gonna get me.

It's not that I don't like children, I do—in the abstract—but I guess I just don't understand child psychology. About three years ago in New York I was given an evening in which to study child psychology while my best friend and her husband went to the theatre, leaving me alone with five-year-old Junior, and to my horror I discovered that I was completely baffled as to why the grass was green and birdies sing. Worn and weary I made my way to the phone and called a cleaning woman I knew. "Mary," I gasped wanly, "if you'll come over and watch Junior for an hour I'll give you four bits." "Huh," snorted Junior, "give me the four bits and I'll watch myself." The only child who ever accepted me as an equal is Norman Scott Barnes, Joan Blondell's son, who isn't a year old yet but has the goodness to grin from ear to ear every time I come around. But he'll probably grow up to ask questions.

Well, anyway, here I was stuck with

"Daffodils"

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Shirley knows this poem by heart. She has a remarkable love for verse.

Shirley Temple's education so I pouted all the way out to the Fox lot, where I hoped I might have a quiet little interview with Mrs. Temple, who is a charming woman and whom I greatly admire for her utter lack of any affectation. But no, like Iris March, I am never let off anything, so there was nothing to do about it but that I should go over to the gallery at once and meet Shirley herself. (Shirley had just completed "Our Little Girl" and like all movie stars has to spend several days in the gallery at the end of a picture to do stills and portraits and lay-outs for the fan magazines and newspapers.) So I swigged an extra strong cup of tea, desperately tried to recall a bit of baby-talk, and mentally braced myself to meet the great Shirley Temple, the adored of millions, Public Favorite No. 1 in fact. But all the swigging and bracing were entirely unnecessary—Shirley isn't the type. She's perfectly natural with you, and all you have to do is be perfectly natural with her. She won me completely the minute she put her little hand in mine, smiled, and said, "I am glad to meet you. I have to go now and make pictures. But I will be back. Please don't go away." That "Please don't go away" got me. In all my experiences as an interviewer I have never yet met a movie star who wanted me to stay, but sincerely wanted me to stay. So I stayed. She is so utterly natural and normal, so essentially sweet and cordial, that I immediately forgot to be self-conscious.

Miss Temple was wearing a charming little ensemble of panties and shirt when I met her, but later she changed into a little blue sweater and pleated skirt for the dance lay-out she was to do with Jack [Continued on page 60]



Shirley's precious book, in which she writes a page a day and colors the pictures.

TALKING IT OVER WITH BOB

Robert Young
Tells Some In-
side Angles On
Picture Making.

By
Lenore Samuels



When he arrived in New York on his first visit, he was quite surprised when the doorman at the Waldorf called him by name.

"OF LATE," declared Robert Young, "there seems to have been a veritable epidemic of men weeping in the movies. To me it is embarrassing."

I agreed with him.

"Now, when a man is alone and he feels very strongly about something I think the scene can be made stronger emotionally if he weeps. But, in front of his friends, or in public . . . it just strikes me as a weakness."

"I have to take my hat off, though, to the women stars. They can turn on a crying scene in the wink of an eye. I have seen them do it, and I can't tell you how much I admire them."

"Have you ever had to do a weeping scene yourself?"

"Gosh, yes. On the stage I've wept a bit here and there when the part called for it, but that was easy. The action led right up to it because every scene of the drama was played in sequence, just as in real life it would be lived. But on the screen—what with one scene taken *now* and another scene taken *then* and both of them as remote from each other as night is from day, why it's a job getting into the mood of the thing altogether, without turning on the water works out of a clear sky."

We both laughed.

"And that reminds me of my last crying scene—in 'West Point of the Air.' I was kind of envious of the perfect control those marvelous girls had over their tear ducts and I was determined to show them that I could do the same. So I went home the night before that scene was to be taken and went through it in my room when I was alone. To my own amazement the tears literally sprang out of my eyes after I had succeeded, quite easily, working myself up to the proper pitch. I thought 'this is a cinch.' No menthol atomizer will have to be sprayed on *me* tomorrow. I'm getting good."

"Well, tomorrow came and I was all spruced up. But I hadn't counted on those dull, long stretches between 'shots' when the grips and electricians are busy getting the atmosphere properly adjusted. During one of those waits I got behind some scenery and went through my crying scene simply swell—the tears just gushed out. I was pleased as Punch with myself and started bragging to the director. 'He said, 'That's fine, Bob, but save them now. Don't let 'em get away from you by over-usage.' At this I laughed. But a few moments later when I had to go into the scene before the camera, I couldn't scare up a tear to save my life. And the old menthol atomizer had to be squirted into my face as usual. From now on, I shan't even try to deliver real tears. The others are just as effective, and not so much

strain. At least, not to me."

Since meeting Bob, I've seen "West Point of the Air," and I looked long and hard at the screen to discover those tears he had worked so hard to deliver. But the poor man was called upon to register emotional upheaval so frequently I couldn't tag the tears down to one scene alone, and I was completely convinced that Bob knew what he was talking about when he told me that this business of men weeping in the movies has become a veritable epidemic.

The view from Bob's windows at the Waldorf Astoria commanded an imposing view of New York's skyline facing East towards Long Island. "Have you ever visited New York before," I asked.

"No, this is our first visit. On the first day we arrived, Betty (she is the missus) and I stayed with our faces glued to that window for over an hour. We just couldn't get enough of the view. But now we feel that we've been here for years. We both love it."

"I had intended coming here four years ago—that's before I got into pictures—hoping that a stage play might be the means of getting me a movie contract. I had been playing in stock at Pasadena for quite a while then, and, as yet, the movies had passed me by. Then came the chance to play the son of Helen Hayes in 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet.' After that M-G-M signed me up as a featured player and there was no need to come to New York."

"It's a bit different," I murmured, "coming here as a distinguished and successful screen player instead of as a stock actor in search of the 'lucky break,' isn't it?"

He agreed wholeheartedly. He has a serious way of meeting problems very honestly. There's no flub-dub about him.

No conceit, and yet at the same time no false modesty. He seems to have the situation confronting a romantic leading man well in hand. "If I didn't stand with my feet firmly planted on the ground," he reminded me, "Betty would take me down pronto. She can always say 'she knew me when.' We've known each other since we were kids, you see. And you can't overwhelm a girl who remembers you when you wore knickerbockers, can you?"

"Not very well."

"But I must admit I got a thrill when we arrived at the hotel the other day and the doorman said, 'How d'ye do, Mr. Young.' It gave me a warm feeling that lasted for the rest of that day. And when I walk down Fifth Avenue with Betty and people nudge each other and turn around to look at me, well that's a thrill, too. I can't help but think how different it would have been if I had come here four years ago, as I had planned."

"I often smile when I hear people say how wonderful it is that Clark Gable and Joan Crawford and people like that have kept their heads *in spite* of their success. It is wonderful, and they have kept their heads. But I know that fame and success *do* do things to a man or a woman. They give you that feeling of confidence, of faith in yourself which everybody needs if they want to meet the world bravely. You know yourself that when things go wrong your shoulders are not quite as squarely set as they would be if things went right. Success is bound to show in one way or another."

Again I agreed, just as I had been agreeing with most of his theories for the past half-hour, and I cited the story of Claudette Colbert who, during her visit to New York after the Academy Award for her 'best performance of the year,' struck everybody who met her as being infinitely lovelier in spirit and more beautiful physically, if that is possible, than she had ever been before. Her good fortune brought out all that was best in her.

"Oddly enough," said I, "I think it takes even greater fortitude to meet success intelligently than it does to meet failure."

And this time Bob agreed with me for a change.

It's been over two years now that Bob has been cast for leading rôles at M-G-M and I wanted to know which was his favorite.

He hesitated, and looked as shy and embarrassed as if I had asked him to weep for me! After squirming around the idea for a second, he said: "I hate to sound 'arty,' and as if I can't shake off a part when I finish a scene because it has made me too over-wrought emotionally, you understand?"

[Continued on page 65]

The GREAT BERGNER!

You Remember Her As Catherine The Great
Now She Is A Gamin In "Escape Me Never."

By Gladys Baker

IM AFRAID of Hollywood. I don't want to go there. I would be suffocated. I must be free in matters that concern my acting. I think they do not understand artists in Hollywood and it is too difficult to fit myself into an environment that is unsuited to me. Besides, why should I? What would be the use?"

Perched on the edge of a sofa Elizabeth Bergner looked up at me from enormous, heavy-lidded brown eyes.

"Acting in the films," she went on, "is neither so easy nor so pleasant as acting on the stage. Films need such infinite concentration and physical endurance. Scenes are repeated over and over again. There's the tedious waiting, the blinding lights, often uncomfortable costumes. One must act, too, without the inspiration of a human and responsive audience."

Miss Bergner, however, conquered her violent dislike of the cinema long enough to make the picture version of "Escape Me Never." This was just before she left London to make her stage debut in New York in the same vehicle. It has been playing to peak audiences since it opened.

And soon American film goers will have the opportunity of viewing her in this play, written especially for her by Margaret Kennedy, and in which she won the title of the "world's greatest actress" from such star-making dramatists as Sir James Barrie and George Bernard Shaw.

Until now American picturegoers have known her only through her interpretation of "Catherine the Great."

She is still dodging interviews.

Not since the advent of Garbo has a celebrity managed to keep herself as mysteriously veiled from curious public and clamoring press.

My interview with her took place in London just prior to her departure to America.

If you are fortunate enough to be admitted by appointment to that impregnable, tree-fringed house in Hampstead Heath, with its fragrant gardens and vistas of rolling green, you must not arrive before five in the afternoon, for Miss Bergner's day, when there is no matinee, begins at that hour.

In the small boy's clothing she wears at home, and as the impish vagabond in "Escape Me Never," her femininity, strangely enough, is accentuated. Her figure is so slight, so diminutive that a strong man could hold her in the palm of his hand. One moment she is guileless, as laughingly innocent as Christopher Robin, and the next her dark eyes fill with the slumbering fires and poignant tragedy of her race. Again she is provocative, flirtatious, incred-

ibly gay.

"My energy," she said, "is burned up like a candle when I act. My work, when I am acting, is my life. Since my illness the doctors—and what tyrants they are! — make me count each atom of energy, and in the most absurd fashion." She laughed roguishly. "Would you believe that on matinee days they have me lying full length in the car on my way to the theatre?"

Her illness, which closed the Apollo Theatre for several weeks during the height of her popularity in London, followed Herr Hitler's anti-Semitic policy which banned her appearance in Berlin, where she had been a reigning favorite. She went to London and created something like a furor.

"It isn't true," she said, "that I don't care for people. I love people and I think it's good for me to go to parties. But how can I? Just now listening to people consumes my strength. So my life is anything but glamorous. Most of it," she grimaced, "is spent in bed. I learn my scripts in bed and when I come home from the theatre, [Continued on page 72]



Elizabeth Bergner and Hugh Sinclair in the screen story of the Broadway play, "Escape Me Never."



George Bernard Shaw names her the finest actress on the stage.



Bergner in her garden in London. She is the shyest of geniuses.

REVIEWS

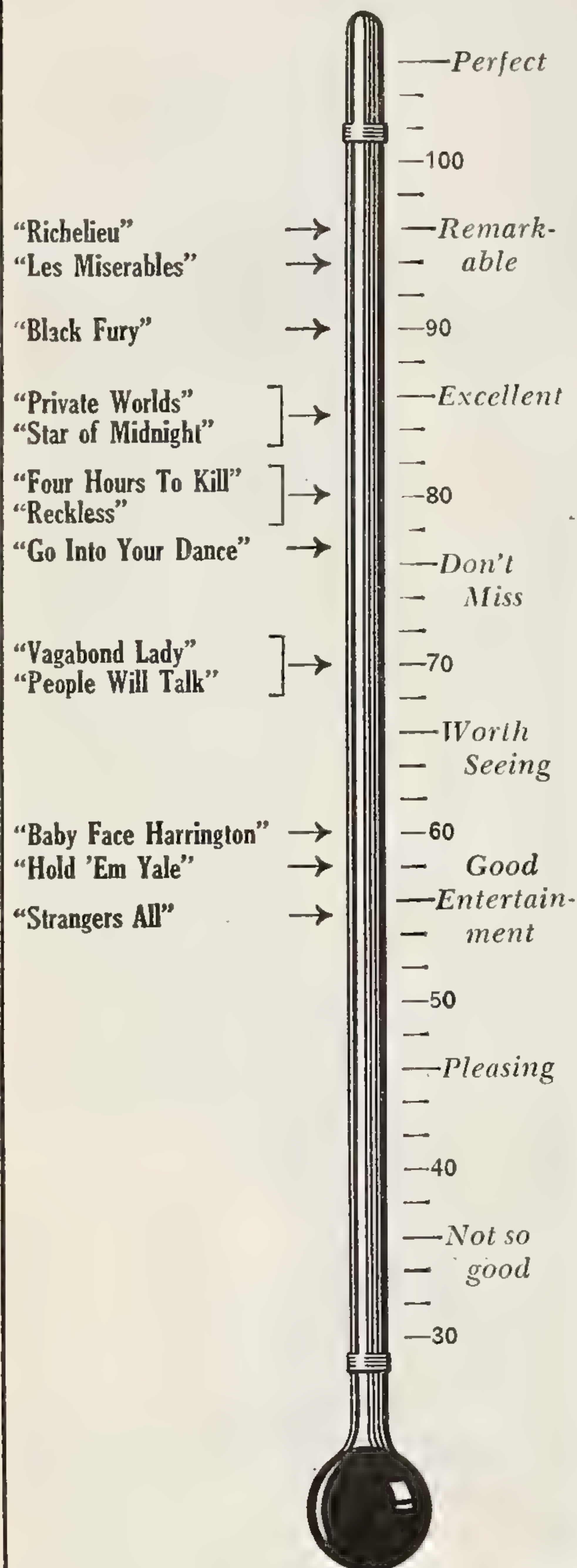
OF PICTURES SEEN



Helen Mack and Richard Barthelmess in a real thriller, "Four Hours To Kill."

PICTURE THERMOMETER

Degrees of Quality



RICHELIEU

Rating: 96°—ELEGANT INTRIGUE—*Twentieth Century*

OF COURSE a lot of people thought that George Arliss should have won the Academy Award this year for his superb performance in "The House of Rothschild," and I was among the lot of people. However, I was sweet about it all and kept my temper, but if Mr. Arliss doesn't win the Award next year for his Cardinal Richelieu I shall have to become rebellious and make trouble. As the wily Cardinal, in red cap and robe, who cleverly ruled Louis XIII's France with wit and steel, Mr. Arliss even surpasses his performance in Rothschild.

A few stiff-necked historians may want to argue a bit with producer Darryl Zanuck about Richelieu's character, but certainly you and I won't, for here is a story that is exciting and dramatic from beginning to end, with more elegant intrigue and counter intrigue than I have found since the good old days when I used to revel in the Dumas novels.

The plot centers around the stormy times of Louis XIII of France when Church and State were contending for power, when all of Europe was forming an alliance against the King and plotting to put his brother

on the throne, and when the great Cardinal Richelieu, prelate, statesman and soldier, and the real power behind the throne, managed to take the lands away from the feudal barons and weld France into a united nation strong enough to defy the world. That grand actor, Edward Arnold, plays Louis XIII and deserves all the praise there is to give. Maureen O'Sullivan, really she has never looked so pretty before, plays the Cardinal's young ward whose love for Cesar Romero, one of the feudal lords, upsets the Cardinal's appercart and nearly destroys France. Douglass Dumbrille as Baradas, the chief plotter against Louis, reaches a new high in heavies and gives a swell performance, as do all of the cast, including Francis Lister, Halliwell Hobbes, Violet Kemble Cooper and Katharine Alexander. The picture is magnificently mounted in medieval splendor, and well directed by Rowland V. Lee, who made "The Count of Monte Cristo" the thrilling success it was last year. Even if history bores you, this won't, and you just can't afford to miss it

GO INTO YOUR DANCE

Rating: 77°—AL JOLSON AND RUBY KEELER—*Warners*

HERE'S another one of those swell musicals that only Warners seem to be able to make with such success. It's elaborate, it's gay, it has two swell song numbers by Warren and Dubin—but most of all it has Al Jolson singing away on all cylinders and Ruby Keeler showing that Ginger Rogers isn't the only gal in pictures who can dance like nobody's business. What Ruby can do to a Rumba is really



In "Les Miserables," Fredric March and Charles Laughton achieve brilliant characterizations.

something. Ah, there's a plot too.

Al is a Broadway headliner, who is fired by Equity because he walks out on shows and chases skirts and ponies down at Caliente. His sister, Glenda Farrell, insists that Al can make a comeback if he will only team up with a young girl who has personality and ability, and Ruby is the gal. Backed by a Chicago gangster, Al and Ruby manage to open a night club on Broadway, and of course ye olde mellow-drayma enters here and Ruby stops a bullet meant for Al, and Al discovers that it was Ruby he loved all the time, so the show goes on and she gets well.

Helen Morgan as a night club entertainer gets a chance to sit on a piano again, but neither the camera man nor the script writer was very nice to our Helen and we resent it. However, Patsy Kelly crashes through with some swell comedy, and even though the picture is good it could have been much better with more Patsy. The songs from the show you'll be singing this summer are "A Latin from Manhattan" and "About a Quarter to Nine." The dance numbers are bigger and better than ever.

LES MISERABLES

Rating: 94°—GREAT—*Twentieth Century*
THAT wonder-boy of the producers, Darryl Zanuck, has taken Victor Hugo's immortal classic and made it into one of the most dramatic, heart-breaking, and great pictures of the last decade. No one can afford to miss seeing it. No one can say that the movies didn't do right by Victor Hugo. A great novel is now a great picture.

Fredric March, who has been doing all right for himself this last year, turns in another magnificent performance and is definitely Jean Valjean, the poor Frenchman who was sent to the galleys for ten years because he stole a loaf of bread for starving babies.

Rivalling Freddie's perfect performance is that of Charles Laughton, cast as Javert, the police detective whose only god is the Letter of the Law, and he is so excellent in his despicable role that it takes all your will-power to keep from rushing on the screen and killing him yourself.

The scene where Freddie with the wounded Marius (played by John Beal) across his shoulders walks through the slime and filthy waters of the sewers of Paris, to avoid capture by Laughton, will

[Continued on page 56]



This day will never
come again—save
it with snapshots

Everybody wants a print. And so often a snapshot like this becomes even more precious as the months go by . . . Snapshots are so important, don't take chances. Any camera is a better camera when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You'll be proud of your pictures. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Reviews [Continued from page 54]



George Arliss' greatest success was "Disraeli," but his "Cardinal Richelieu" bids fair to surpass it.

live in your memory forever.

Perfect too is Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the kindly Bishop Bienvenue, and Florence Eldridge, Freddie's wife, as Fantine. Rochelle Hudson is all that Cosette should be, and Frances Drake as the jealous Eponine, who dies for her lover, is splendid in her brief scenes. No, definitely, quite definitely, the movies didn't let Victor Hugo down. "Les Miserables" on the screen is still a classic.

PRIVATE WORLDS

Rating: 85°—WE'RE CRAZY ABOUT IT.—*Para.*

WHEN some person who does not go to the movies tries in your presence to belittle the screen and laugh at the culture of people who enjoy the pictures, remember "Private Worlds." It is your answer to every slur. This picture is based on intelligence, and the thinking moderns who have made analysis and study of the mind are drawn upon for the interesting treatment.

It is a story of a hospital for the insane which, as the story opens, is ruled over by Claudette Colbert as one doctor, and Joel McCrea as her associate. The matron who has resented the modern methods and wants the patients punished instead of coddled is delighted when a new doctor, Charles Boyer, is put in charge. Helen Vinson, carrying on her recent successes, is this new doctor's sister and she, in her wicked way, breaks up Joel's home. Joan Bennett is Joel's wife.

There is a remarkable atmosphere to this performance. You feel the people thinking, each in his own private world. The love affair is reasonable and pleasant but of little importance. Claudette is lovely and so very real. "Big Boy" Williams, as the maniac, is terrific and the scene where gentle Claudette calms him is beautiful. There is one comedy touch, new to the screen, where Helen Vinson is defending her rights and the doctor is telling the maid to pack Helen's things. They all talk at once. A new effect and a good one. Charles Boyer is a remarkable person on the screen. We anticipate great things for him.

VAGABOND LADY

Rating: 70°—FUN FOR THE FAMILY—*Hal Roach*

WELL, well, another faint echo of "It Happened One Night" but there are no complaints yet. It's still my favorite plot and long may it wave. Pompous Berton Churchill plays a dignified magnate with two sons, Reginald Denny, the plodder type, and Robert Young, the careless play-boy who'll do anything for a laugh, and does.

That grand stage actor, Frank Craven, plays a janitor who is the most lovable old reprobate you've met out in many a day, and his one idea in life is to marry daughter Evelyn Venable to that mad zany, Bob Young. How this is brought about makes a very sprightly and delightful picture, climaxed in a brawl scene between Evelyn and Bob that marks a high spot for all time in cinema brawls. It's good clean fun, and very gay, and you're bound to like it.

RECKLESS

Rating: 80°—TRIALS OF A TORCH SINGER—*Metro*

INTRODUCING the new team of Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, folks, and what a grand team they make. Of course the Harlow-Powell romance has been going on for ten months, and is still as hot as Ramon Novarro's chile con carne, but it's the first time the two have appeared in pictures together.

Jean plays a torch singer on Broadway who falls for a rich man's son. Franchot Tone in his tails and in his cups, as is the custom in the cinema, most unfortunately, is the rich man's son. Bill Powell plays a high-powered press agent, who once found Jean dancing in a carnival and promoted her right to the top on Broadway. In his careless sort of way Bill loves Jean, but the one time he proposed to her she went to sleep.

Jean and Franchot go on a terrific bender and wake up married, much to the disgust of Bill, and much to the fury and rage of Franchot's father, Henry Stephenson. Life on the parental estates isn't very pleasant

Here's the catalog of entertainment—spend your movie money wisely.

for Jean, but she still loves Franchot, until one day she hears him tell Rosalind Russell, his ex-fiancee, that he loves her and that Jean tricked him into marrying her. Jean is heart-broken.

Then, shades of the Libby Holman-Smith Reynolds case! Franchot shoots himself, and Jean tries to make a comeback on Broadway to support her baby. It's terribly dramatic and Jean is perfectly marvelous in her big scene, where she is being hissed off the stage by the good, righteous women. Jean sings and dances like a million dollars, and Bill, as usual, is the tops. You haven't seen a real drunk scene until you see Bill in this picture. May Robson plays Jean's mother. Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy have their comedy moments.

FOUR HOURS TO KILL

Rating: 80°—BARTHELMESS AT HIS BEST—*Paramount*

THIS is the best role that Dick Barthelmess has had in several years, and on preview night in Westwood his marvelous portrayal of the young crook on his way to the Death House brought cheers and terrific applause from the audience. The picture is adapted from wonder-boy Norman Krasna's play "Small Miracle" and it's one of those "Grand Hotel" affairs with a lot of dramatic things happening to a lot of people in the lounge of a 43rd Street theatre while the play is in progress.

There is Dick Barthelmess, thief and murderer and one of life's tragic and pathetic misfits, handcuffed to detective Charles C. Wilson, who missed the prison train and has four hours to kill, and chooses to kill it in a theatre. Dick has a man to kill, a yellow skunk who squealed on him, and this he manages to do during the last act.

Then there is Joe Morrison, the hat check boy, who is being given the shake-down by a hard-boiled usherette, and must have two hundred bucks or marry her the next day. And there's his sweetheart Helen Mack, a little filing clerk, who is desperate enough to do anything for her Joe. And there is Gertrude Michael, a society woman having a clandestine affair with Ray Milland, man-about-town utterly devoid of ethics. And, most important, there is Roscoe Karns whose wife is having a baby. The picture is well directed for tempo and excitement by Mitchell Leisen and will furnish you a thrilling evening in the theatre.

[Continued on page 72]



Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert in "Private Worlds."

“Tahitians”

NOW the
Hollywood
Stars have
gone native
...South Sea
Islanders, in
CATALINA'S

*Water
Fashions*

MAXINE DOYLE
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featured player
... selects the
“TAHITIAN”

DORRY KELLY
Warner Bros.
Designer, Cre-
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TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS



Wide World

When Mrs. Pat O'Brien decided to open a dress shop, her husband's pals rallied around to give her a flying start. Left to right, Frank McHugh, Robert Armstrong, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Johnny Mack Brown, Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Jimmy Gleason, Frank Fay, Allen Jenkins and Jimmy Townsend.

[Continued from page 19]

for work again. With him at the present time, near Yucatan, is the Mr. Willard who financed the expedition to Chiten-Itza, where the Well of the Virgins was drained. Five hundred skeletons of girls between eighteen and twenty years of age were found. They had been thrown into the Well to appease the rain gods. With the skeletons were found jade ornaments, precious metals, statues, and priceless jewels. Nothing alive or impure could go into the Well, which was guarded day and night.

Ken takes his 16 millimeter motion picture camera with him and has compiled an interesting film library. He's a push-over for ruins.

THERE are limits to realism in acting, as Cecil B. DeMille found out yesterday when he ordered three hundred extras on "The Crusades" set to eat ravenously of the two whole steers and four sheep which were barbecued on the set. The scene was to represent the Crusaders' camp at Marseilles after the men had secured meat following a period of famine.

Close to the camera man was a young athletic extra, and his lackadaisical nibbling at a whole leg of lamb aroused the DeMille sarcasm. "I know it's four hours at least since you ate last," DeMille yelled at him, "so you don't have to act at being hungry. You are hungry. Why can't you look as if you enjoy eating? Does it hurt you to eat?"

"It's this way," the youth answered with a wry face, "I'm a vegetarian."

JIMMY CAGNEY haunts auctions to bid in all the old nautical books. He has a marvelous collection.

WITH Loretta Young working hard on "The Crusades," sister Sally Blane is doing most of the social whirling for the family now. Sally seems to divide her attention mostly between Cesar Romero, who came into his own as an actor in "Riche-lieu," and Walter Lang, the director.

THE last celebrity to visit Hollywood was Noel Coward, who stopped over exactly three days before sailing for China. He was the house guest of Ruth Chatterton

and practically everybody in town gave a party for him.

JOAN BENNETT gave her two little daughters, Melinda and Diane, a huge combination birthday party last week with all the movieland kids invited. Impromptu entertainment was furnished by Mike Hopkins (Miriam's adopted) and Irv Jr., (Norma Shearer's little man) who decided to settle a little difference of opinion by fists. But the colossal, the sensational, the super-terrific event of the party was the presentation of a miniature merry-go-round replete with zebras, tigers, horses and ostriches to the guests of honor. The contraption is a sturdy machine, motivated by electric power and strong enough to sustain the weight of adults, which, in fact, is exactly what it has been doing. Joan and hubby Gene Markey could hardly wait for the kids to finish their ice cream and go home before they grabbed themselves a zebra, and no visit to the Bennett-Markey home is now complete without several twirls on the merry-go-round.

BUT if you think Hollywood kids go nuts over these expensive toys, that's exactly where you're wrong. The parents do, but Hollywood kids, like all kids, are much crazier about an old broken-down wagon they patched together from an orange crate and the wheels off their skates. We'll never forget Peter Bennett (Connie's son) on Christmas morning. Surrounded by electric trains, automobiles, everything that money could buy, little Peter was getting his biggest kick out of a red tin Fire Chief hat that the cook had given him.

ANN DVORAK and husband Leslie Fenton are seriously studying German—and for one of the strangest reasons! Their pet dog "Hans," given to them about a year ago by Namara, the opera singer, and said to be one of the very few wire-haired daschunds in the world, obeys orders spoken in German only.

BETTY FURNESS wears a cellophane hood while driving in her car with the top down, so she will get a good sun tan. Another person striving for ye snappy tan is Joan Crawford, who always has one of the best.

NUMBER NINETEEN IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"Sh! Mommy's cross again!"



"As a woman, I sympathize deeply with those wives who do not fully understand correct marriage hygiene. For I know how terrifying are their periodic fears. I have seen how those fears warp a woman's whole outlook, undermine and wreck her own happiness and that of her husband and children.

"But as a doctor, I have less sympathy for her. For effective marriage hygiene is so simple. I refer, of course, to the use of "Lysol" . . . approved by leading hospitals and clinics throughout the world.

"Lysol", used as directed, is non-injurious . . . so reliable in fact, that it is used extensively as an antiseptic in childbirth, where sensitive tissues must not suffer the slightest damage.

"Furthermore, "Lysol" has a special effectiveness that is all its own. It has a *spreading* quality which enables it to search out hidden spots where other antiseptics fail to reach, and it has the important power of destroying germs *in spite* of the presence of organic matter.

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"Yet these benefits are as nothing compared to the fact that the use of "Lysol" gives them poise and peace

*"It is tragic
that whole families should
suffer because women
do not know these simple
rules of Marriage Hygiene"*

writes

DR. LOUISE FOUCART-FASSIN
Leading Gynecologist of Brussels



*She is far from being the well-balanced
counselor her children need.*

of mind and greater happiness for themselves and their families."

(Signed) DR. LOUISE FOUCART-FASSIN

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1. SAFETY . . . "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no free caustic alkali to harm the delicate feminine tissues.
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LENTHÉRIC gown or handkerchief. Spray over hair.
Pat on forehead and temples, to relax
and relieve fatigue.

Bouquet Lenthéric

THE DAYTIME FRAGRANCE

Quiet, but with a strange persistence

© 1935, Lenthéric

The New Gorgeous Screen

[Continued from page 32]

she plays little part in the "passing show." Living in the rented Santa Monica Beach home of the Sam Goldwyns, she enjoys the companionship of a small stimulating group, including Rouben Mamoulian, Max Reinhardt, Edwin Justin Mayer, Robert Edmond Jones (who designed the eighteen gorgeous costumes she wears in "Becky Sharp," as well as all the sets), Salka Viertel and Libby Holt.

In New York, she owns the old Elizabeth Marbury residence on Sutton Place, overlooking the East River—a charming home, exquisitely decorated by Donald Onslaeger. Although she spends only a few weeks out of the year in it, it harbors her most prized possessions—an original Matisse, books ceiling-high, rare prints, art treasures collected from all parts of the world and the Simkovich canvas of her adopted son, three-year-old Michael, who is her all-absorbing passion, even if she doesn't grant interviews on WHAT MICHAEL MEANS TO ME.

Motherhood—fame—fortune. And as Ethel Merman used to sing, "who could ask for anything more?" . . . unless it is this thing called Love? And since love and Miriam have always been synonymous, she has that too. She won't say who "He" is, but I have a goodly suspicion that he's her "ten favorite" directors.

Heigh, ho, your guess is as good as mine!



Shirley Temple and her dancing instructor, Jack Donahue. Shirley studies dancing for one hour each day.

Shirley Temple's Education

[Continued from page 51]

Donahue, her dance director. Shirley's mother likes to dress her in blue, and I may say I haven't seen anything sweeter in life than Shirley in her little blue sweater. "Stay As Sweet As You Are" I started humming, and I am sure Shirley will do just that if her mother and the Fox studio people have anything to do with it, for around them Shirley is treated as if she was not of the least importance whatsoever. No petting and fondling and coaxing—she is talked to and reasoned with exactly as if she were a young actress trying to get along.

"Pavlova," called Jack Donahue, "come on over here and get on your toes, and your toes not mine," and Shirley, who had been telling me how the elephants laughed at the circus, joined her dancing teacher in front of the camera. Shirley is crazy about Jack Donahue, and his incessant teasing doesn't annoy her at all for she has such a grand sense of humor herself that she enjoys it thoroughly and often cracks right back at him. Shirley almost died laughing the other day when Jack gave her a picture of himself at the age of six months, and the fattest baby you ever saw, and inscribed it "To Shirley Temple from her dance director."

"Mister Donahue," she said, with her head tilted on the side and trying to be oh so casual about it all, "there's a girl waiting for you at the door." Jack took a couple of steps toward the door and Shirley screamed with laughter. "I'm fooling you," she shouted, "I'm fooling you." It seems it was April first, and for the first time in her meagre years Shirley had discovered April Fool, and she was certainly making the most of it. Practically the entire studio had been "fooled."

"All right for you, Sarah Bernhardt," said Jack pretending to pout, "I'll dance with you but I don't have to talk to you."

"Ready," said Otto Dyar behind his camera. "Hey, somebody moved. I'll take it again."

"You moved," said Shirley with pseudo indignation. "You spoiled the picture." And then as Donahue pretended to give her a kick, the room rang with her intoxicating laughter.

"Fine talk," said Jack with mock gravity. "You swayed then, I was very good. Turn your head around, Miss Temple, I am sure the public wants less of your curls and more of my pan. Up on your toes. What, may I ask Madame, are you waiting for?"

"Oh, I'm waiting for him to squeeze the bulb," yawned Miss Temple, getting awfully bored with the picture business.

"You get on your toes or I'll squeeze you," was Mr. Donahue's gallant retort to the Fox Films' Million Dollar Baby.

The dance lay-out, I regret to say, turned into a free-for-all with Miss Temple kicking Mr. Donahue and Mr. Donahue practically dangling Miss Temple by her famous curls, and such roars of laughter. Shirley is definitely a tomboy. As soon as I found that out I knew I would like her. I guess she keeps in good practice, too, with her two big brothers and her father, who looks like Bing Crosby. Well, when order was restored, Shirley left once more to change into a bathing suit and I nabbed Jack Donahue, whom I have met often at Madge Evans', and asked him to tell me about Shirley's dance education. (My, my, I had practically forgotten Shirley's education.)

"In the first place Shirley has a remarkable memory," Jack told me. (Jack is a famous dance director of both the New York and London stage and has trained some of the best.) "She has proven this time and again by remembering steps or routines that we had stopped rehearsing for as much as four weeks. One thing, I

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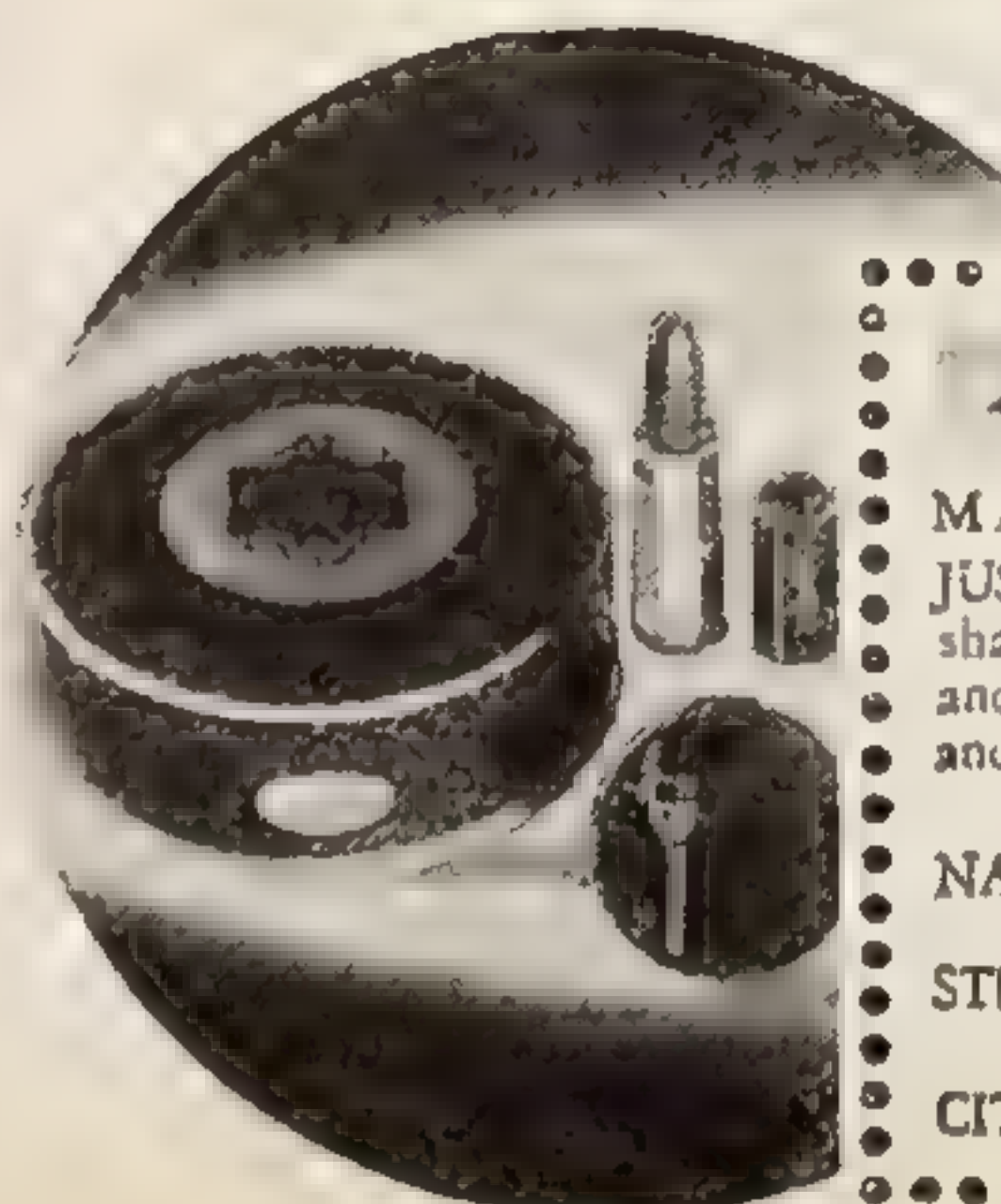
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) ☐	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	AGE ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐		

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS

by
Jane
Heath

So—you know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. *Kurlash* costs only \$1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.



Something Blue

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette*, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), \$1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.



Something New

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. *Lashtint* Compact may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at \$1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department D-6, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co. Inc. 1935

believe, helps her dancing immensely is the fact that Shirley has extraordinarily fine legs for such a young child.

"She has a natural style in her dancing and uses her head and arms unconsciously. She doesn't have to be told not to look at her feet when dancing, which is a very common habit with most dancers. She does rhythm dancing, buck, soft shoe, and a little tango and ballet. She was born with a perfect sense of rhythm and as Mrs. Temple will tell you her little feet have been moving in perfect tempo ever since she was able to tottler. There is no reason why Shirley should not become one of the finest dancers in America when she grows up, if any care at all is taken of her training between now and the time she is sixteen. Shirley doesn't have to be told when she is out of step, because so perfect is her tempo that unconsciously she knows it herself. Many times she will stop dancing and say, 'I bluffed again!'

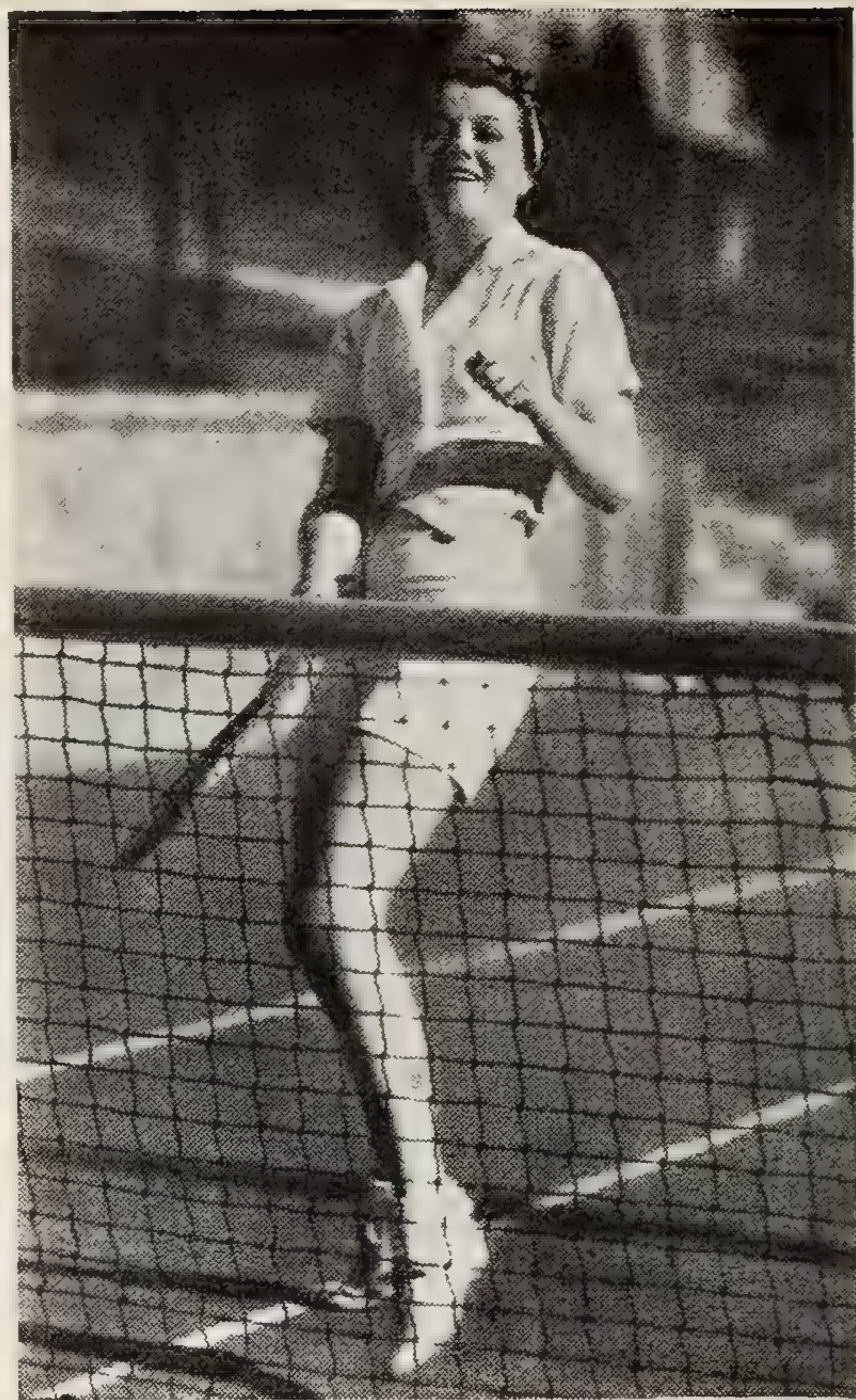
"I find that one hour a day is as much time as it is wise to spend on Shirley's dancing. More work than that would naturally tire her out, though she has more vitality than any child I have ever seen. Any time I want her to pay strict attention to her routine I can always make certain of it by gambling with her—whoever makes a mistake must pay ten cents. This has not worked out so well for me, as I now owe her something like a dollar. I think she is getting wise to it because yesterday she refused to gamble any more until I paid her what I owed her.

"One of the greatest assets in her dancing is the fact that she shows in her face how much she enjoys it."

Picture-taking over for the day, Shirley took my hand in hers and we walked over to her bungalow, which is right behind Janet Gaynor's, to see her school room. Shirley's comfortable and cozy "picture house" to distinguish it from her real home in Santa Monica formerly belonged to the exotic Lilian Harvey, but underwent a complete transformation when little Shirley moved in. The famous divan of white velvet corduroy has been replaced by an old-fashioned sofa covered with "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater," "Little Bo-Peep" and "Little Boy Blue" done in chintz. The former white lamp shades, trimmed with ermine tails, are nowhere to be seen, for now soft lights glow from sensible fixtures. On a table sits Shirley's pride and joy—a telephone. She adores dialing and calling up people. Every time she writes a perfect page in her copy book she gets a gold star, but lately Shirley has been swapping the gold star for a telephone conversation. That very day, in reward for writing a little treatise about the American flag quite perfectly, Shirley's teacher permitted her to call Miss Deaner, in the publicity department. She adores Miss Deaner and talking to her over the telephone was the big thrill of the day.

The first door to the right off the living room is Shirley's yellow and white kitchen, where her mother cooks all her meals when she is working at the studio. The second door to the right leads to her school-room and it is here that Shirley memorizes her lines simply by hearing her mother read them to her. There was once a continental chaise lounge in the corner but it has been transplanted by an old-fashioned desk painted white. Here Shirley sits when Miss Barkley comes to teach her every day, so that she will keep apace with the course other children are following in the Los Angeles public schools. Shirley has had only eleven weeks of "schooling" as she calls it.

She showed me her precious book in which she writes a page and colors a picture every day, and believe me, Shirley at six certainly writes better than any of my movie friends do at twenty-six. This book is one of her dearest possessions and she



Wide World

If you played tennis with Janet Gaynor, here is how she would look in her cute little shorts the other side of the net.

hides it carefully so that prying people from the publicity department can't find it. In her neat little desk—I've never seen such a neat child, she's almost prissy—are colored crayons, three of Elson's Basic Readers, and a charming little number called "Frolic and Do-Funny," obviously about a dog and a cat.

"I can already read halfway through it," Shirley proudly told me, and proceeded to demonstrate, while I murmured, "I was afraid of that."

"There is a cat," she read. "The cat chased a rat," she continued and looked up at me with a twinkle, "It really gets quite exciting a little further along," but I told her I had to go. I couldn't stand such excitement.

Miss Lillian Barkley, Shirley's teacher on the Fox lot, went into the matter of her education with me in great detail.

"Shirley carries a full set course of study," Miss Barkley told me. "The reading method is the sight method and during this year she has read six readers—three pre-primers, two primers, and one first reader, and she knows one hundred phonetic word cards. For her writing she uses the Zaner free arm method. She knows all her letters—small and capitals. She writes her own stories in her 'book' from memory, so that she gets her spelling that way. With her numbers, she both reads and counts and she knows her combinations to twelve.

"In her nature work she knows the flowers and trees and shrubs in her studio bungalow yard, and she knows the names and habits of all domestic animals. In her art work she knows color combinations and she knows proportion of figures and she knows all of nature's colors. She is taught French by the conversation method. She has an intense love and appreciation of poetry that is remarkable. Sometimes she will say to me, 'Miss Barkley, listen to what the trees are saying' when the leaves rustle in the breeze. She adores running in the rain with her little face upturned to catch the rain-drops.

"Shirley puts in four hours of study every day—two in Academic education, one

in music, and one in dancing."

Shirley once complained bitterly because all interviewers asked her about her favorite movie actor ("And it does seem to me," said Shirley, "that they would want to ask about me.") so I decided not to disillusion her about interviewers. When I started to go I asked her if Jimmie Dunn was still her favorite leading man. Judging from Shirley's reply she is going to be very, very feminine when she grows up. "Of course Jimmie gave me a watch for Christmas, but I really like Joel better." (Joel McCrea played with her in her last picture "Our Little Girl" and called her "Butch" and took her fishing. So Joel is head man now.)

"Goodbye, Shirley," I said politely. "I've enjoyed my afternoon. I think you are a very smart little girl."

"I have a birthday the twenty-third of April," Shirley informed me, not so pleased with that little girl business. "I will be six years old."

"The twenty-third of April," I repeated, "Shakespeare's birthday. The Bard of Avon and the Bard of Santa Monica."

"What's a Bard?" asked Shirley.

And there she had me. Muttering something about going from bad to worse I left in a hurry.

The "18 K" Players

[Continued from page 31]

the director and producer more often than otherwise are perfectly aware of what is happening before the picture is even released. They, too, are getting a kick.

"Pictures are built on enthusiasm . . . literally," Herbert told me. "An author writes a story because he is enthusiastic about the idea; a producer buys it because he is enthusiastic over its boxoffice potentialities, and a director is chosen because he is enthusiastic over a certain treatment he will be able to bring to that particular story."

"But, in shooting, it often happens that the picture doesn't develop as the director had planned. Things stand out that haven't been figured on and the wise director very frequently says 'Looks like a Herbert picture. We'd better throw it his way.' Picture stealing by an unstarred, sometimes unbilled player is very often a matter of deliberate calculation rather than an accident. On the other hand, many a picture that might have been saved by a comedian or a 'second fiddler' has been sacrificed in order to project the star."

This seemed shrewd reasoning. I can recall pictures so altered from their previews that I almost wanted to pick up the pieces from the cutting room floor and do an original with them.

You may not believe it, but most of these players who support the stars do not want to be starred themselves. They rather enjoy just being a member of the cast. The responsibilities of stardom are too great and the skid to oblivion is often much more rapid than the ascent to glory. To be a Lewis Stone or a Billie Burke; to create laughs like Nydia Westman or Guy Kibbee; to build up a following like ZaSu Pitts, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Louise Fazenda, or just to be a Hugh Herbert seems to be quite enough to expect out of life.

Character actors can be any age and any type and go on ad infinitum. These people whom you have so often called second raters are really successes.

They are the ones who can always be depended upon to come through with one hundred percent performances.

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Puzzles

What Movie Players' Names Are Represented?



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9

Can You Guess the Right Names?

HOW fascinating it is to try to solve these brain teasers, and how beneficial, developing as it does all the five senses (Yvonne, Cecilie, Annette, Emilie and

Marie). Give up? O. K. Look on page 81 and there you will find a solution for your every dilemma. Then life can settle down again.

Robert Young

[Continued from page 52]

He was so eager not to sound affected that I assured him earnestly that I understood, perfectly!

"Well, I did take one rôle home with me, if you know what I mean. That was the rôle of Joan Crawford's brother in 'Today We Live.' There was something gallant about that man, something reckless and foolhardy, too. And he had the type of courage that I've always envied secretly. Then, too, his enduring friendship with Franchot Tone and Gary Cooper was something that one would like to carry back into actual life with you, if you only could. I admit that it took some strength of mind to make me snap out of that character."

This was a natural re-action for a man as natural and devoid of annoying complexes as Bob. The suave sophisticate, seemingly blasé with life, might sneer at the simple heroism of such a rôle, but not he. He still looks at life through the sane, unsentimental eyes of a youth who believes that somehow, some way, there *must* be a meaning to it all.

Joan Crawford's Clothes Closet

[Continued from page 24]

blues here, the dark blues there, etc.

Bill Haines designed this dressing room specially to fit Joan's clothes needs when he designed the house, and it really is a beauty. It looks so clean and lovely with its pure white walls and glistening mirrors. Every frock seems to have its own niche. I don't blame Joan for having no personal maid and taking care of things herself. It would be fun.

But for the new wardrobe! Joan has five new evening frocks from Hattie Carnegie, a new tweed suit, two new coats, a linen dress, two new prints (and print goods to make four more), six new bathing suits (she gets her sun tan in all of them) some new crisp pique and gingham frocks for home and some white linen suits for street. That's all. She says she has several good things left from last year, all of which will do nicely if she moves a bow here and a pocket there. (She's rather clever at designing.) So, if you had any idea that movie stars had to have all new clothes every time they turned around, you've got another guess.

Her new evening frocks are really beautiful. The white satin one is made with skirt to fit tightly over the hips and then flare out in huge billows. It has a high back, a square front and the trickiest thing about it is the way little cartridge pleats have been set in the top of the sleeves to give a full effect. Joan designed a coat to go with this dress. Of white satin, double-breasted like a man's jacket, it is sleeveless and fits right under those trick cartridge sleeves.

There's a black and white polka dot taffeta that would make your mouth water. Designed somewhat along the same lines as the white satin, it has a beautiful long train and at the high neck are long streamers which fold over and are caught at the neck much like a man's tie.

A light blue taffeta and velvet also has these streamers and a surprisingly lovely skirt effect. The bottom of the skirt is cut in an uneven zig zag forming an outline similar to that if you placed a lot of flower petals side by side. It has a high

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neck and back and with it is worn one of the cleverest three-quarter length evening coats you can imagine. Of the same material, it is double breasted with pockets and eight rhinestones buttons down the front.

A royal blue velvet dinner dress has a high neck, buttons down the front, little pockets and cap sleeves instead of the cartridge effects. It has a coat, like the one described for the light blue dinner dress. Remember how the fashion magazines always advise you to plan carefully so that you can use the same coat with a number of things? Well, Joan interchanges these two blue evening wraps, wearing the dark with the light blue and vice versa. It gives her four outfits instead of two.

One really formal dress is included in the new five. It's the kind Joan wears when she goes to a very swanky gathering. And it's not only a honey, it's a dream! This is of royal blue Shirred chiffon, is practically backless, has a beautiful sweeping full skirt, but the thing that really threw me for a great big loss was the neck arrangement. Here are attached two long, flowing streamers, one of old rose and one of the royal blue which Joan drapes or winds around her neck and shoulders. An enormous old rose flower of chiffon and a smaller one of the blue are on the left shoulder.

There is an evening bag of the same material to match every dress and evening shoes, always sandal effects, dyed in the same color as the frock. So—when Miss Crawford sweeps down to dinner she's a lovely symphony of color. There are no off notes.

Along with these evening things which had arrived from New York just two days before I saw them, was a beautiful tan linen sports dress, supposedly for beach wear. Joan was so smitten with it that she had worn it as a dinner dress the night before. It was really grand. Made simply with a tight bodice, it had a most unusual collar. Instead of being a round Peter Pan, it was cut like a greatly exaggerated man's shirt collar with very long pointed tips. It was trimmed with tan leather buttons, had a huge woven tan leather belt, and the slickest pockets! Joan wore with it a red and tan scarf, red or tan sandals, and tucked a red and tan hanky into a top pocket.

Her new spring suit is of light weight, light color gray tweed. The coat is double breasted, three-quarter length with square shoulders. It flares a little away from the front, has two box pleats set in the back so that its tail sticks right out giving a near bustle effect. A simply cut sports dress of the same tweed, trimmed with a beautiful blue and white pin striped taffeta scarf, is worn with the coat. Add an enormous hat of gray suede, with blue band—practically a cowboy, ten-gallon affair—turned up on the left and pulled down over the right eye and you have a right dashing outfit! Add also gray suede shoes and gloves and a bag of the same tweed.

Now all the afore-mentioned were from the famous Hattie Carnegie and were made up from sketches submitted to Joan, which she studied carefully and changed as she saw fit. But not all of her spring wardrobe belongs to this exclusive expensive category. Joan keeps a dressmaker at the house to copy things she likes very well and to make up dresses of Joan's own design. Included in this group this spring are six prints.

"I've gone mad on prints," she told me.

"I went downtown to an importers where Adrian buys his materials and came home with six bolts of goods. Beautiful materials. One is of blue and white—huge blue squares with splotches of white in the corners. And another, the gayest thing you ever saw, is a bright flowered piece with great splashes of orange and red."

The latter—the orange and red, I learn, is Franchot Tone's favorite of the prints. Joan wore it the other night at dinner and my confidential scout reports that he thought it was simply stunning and that Joan looked *too, too* beautiful. Joan tells me he is a most comforting beau. He always admires everything she wears and never says in a frightening tone—as do some gents that you and I both know! "WHERE did you get that dress?" He likes everything she gets, and says so, but he went into particular ecstasy about the orange and red.

Because Joan always dresses for dinner, she needs a lot of dinner things. Around the house in the daytime, you're likely to catch her in a crisp white pique dress with sailor collar and blue bindings, or an all blue pique with Peter Pan collar. Or blue and white gingham, or brown and white gingham. She has a dozen or more of these dresses. They are all quite tailored, crisp and fresh looking, have short skirts and are very youthful.

There was a new box of bathing suits to open that day. Suits just like the ones she wore last year—backless, bandanna neck, one piece, no skirt. Two of the new ones were in yellow; four in different shades of blue. And no new beach bathrobes. She wraps herself in those huge bath towels, and she already has scads of them.

Two white linen suits, very jaunty, very tailored, one single breasted and one double breasted; another tailored suit of blue flannel with collarless jacket over which the sailor collar of the dress fits, two double breasted top coats—one for last year's black suit and one for this year's tweed suit and there you have the works!

Hats? Joan wears mostly the vagabond type, broad brimmed turned up on the left. They're becoming to her particular style of beauty and she doesn't believe in changing line much. "I never have things because they look well on someone else or are the last word in mode," she told me. "I have things to suit ME."

You'll note I didn't go into raves about Joan's riding habits nor her golf or tennis dresses. She doesn't ride, play golf or tennis and so she hasn't anything of that type. She does have an abundance of slacks and sweaters which she often wears to the studio.

Perfumes? She has three favorites—"Surrender," "Vivre," and "Duchess of York." Jean Dixon gave her a bottle of "Moment Supreme" the other day and she thinks maybe she's a convert to that.

Yes, Ma'am, take it from me, you just haven't had any clothes fun until you've looked through a couple of closets with Joan. Having seen all there was to see in spring things, I was about to suggest, as guilelessly as I could, looking over last winter's racks when the butler appeared and announced a 'phone call for Missy Babcock. Yes, it was the office and I had to run. But Joan promised that next time Hattie of the Carnegies sends out a couple of dozen boxes she'll ask me over again. If she keeps her promise, I'll write you some more, dear reader, another day about "The Private Off-Screen Wardrobe of a Star."

THE July cover of SILVER SCREEN is a portrait in full color of Carole Lombard.

"There are Seven Reasons Why Ginger Rogers Is Tops" and they are entertainingly told in SILVER SCREEN for July.



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Gene Raymond returns to Hollywood after a personal appearance tour which has added tremendously to his prestige.

The Night Spots

[Continued from page 25]

Hollywood" and kept its old clientele as well as its new.

Even if it has added a few spangles and frou-frous the restaurant still maintains its high and aristocratic standards in menus, and never a day passes but what a world-traveled food connoisseur drops in at the Victor Hugo, dips his fork in the sauce Colbert (I've never known whether the sauce was named after Claudette or Claudette after the sauce) rolls his eyes heavenwards in ecstatic raptures and murmurs, "Mon Dieu! C'est magnifique!" or whatever food connoisseurs are wont to murmur when pleased. Here you find, several times a week, Max Reinhardt, Earnest Vajda, Ernst Lubitsch, Baroness Mantica, Princess Paley, Marlene Dietrich, Paul Lukas and nearly all of Hollywood's foreign colony, who know to a gill just how much sherry should go into the sauce, and just how many cobwebs should be on the wine bottle.

Housing the famous institution is a palatial building made expressly to fit its purpose. A stucco structure in Italian design, it covers a quarter of a block and possesses every modern device to aid in the quick and sanitary preparation of any dish or delicacy desired. Numerous rooms include a huge main dining salon of Louis 16th design, a Garden Room finished in the period of the Italian Renaissance, a smart reception lounge decorated in rich tapestries and softly lighted, a large banquet room, and two exquisite private dining rooms called the Blue Room and the Rose Room.

The movie crowd and the younger set usually gather in the informal Garden Room, where they can dance under the palms and watch the vari-colored lights on as pretty a waterfall as you've ever seen out of a Warner Brothers picture. The Garden Room is the staid Victor Hugo's concession to Hollywood. The beautiful murals in the formal dining salon, the tapestries and the Roman marble statuary are all part of the tradition.

Signor Hugo Aleidas, the proprietor for nigh on to twenty years, tolerates those vari-colored lights and the crooner who sings "Stay As Sweet As You Are," but his soul is all wrapped up in his traditions, as well it should be, for Signor Hugo is internationally prominent in his profession.

Red plush tradition got another kick in the pants recently, but my, my did the



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The Brä-Mio (illustrated) is a new Jantzen creation that reflects the latest Continental trend—a one-piece skirtless halter-neck suit with smartly tailored brassiere lines. The fabric is the luxurious new Jantzen Kava-Knit. \$4.95. . . . Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.



Anne Darling featured in Universal Pictures wears the new Jantzen Brä-Mio.



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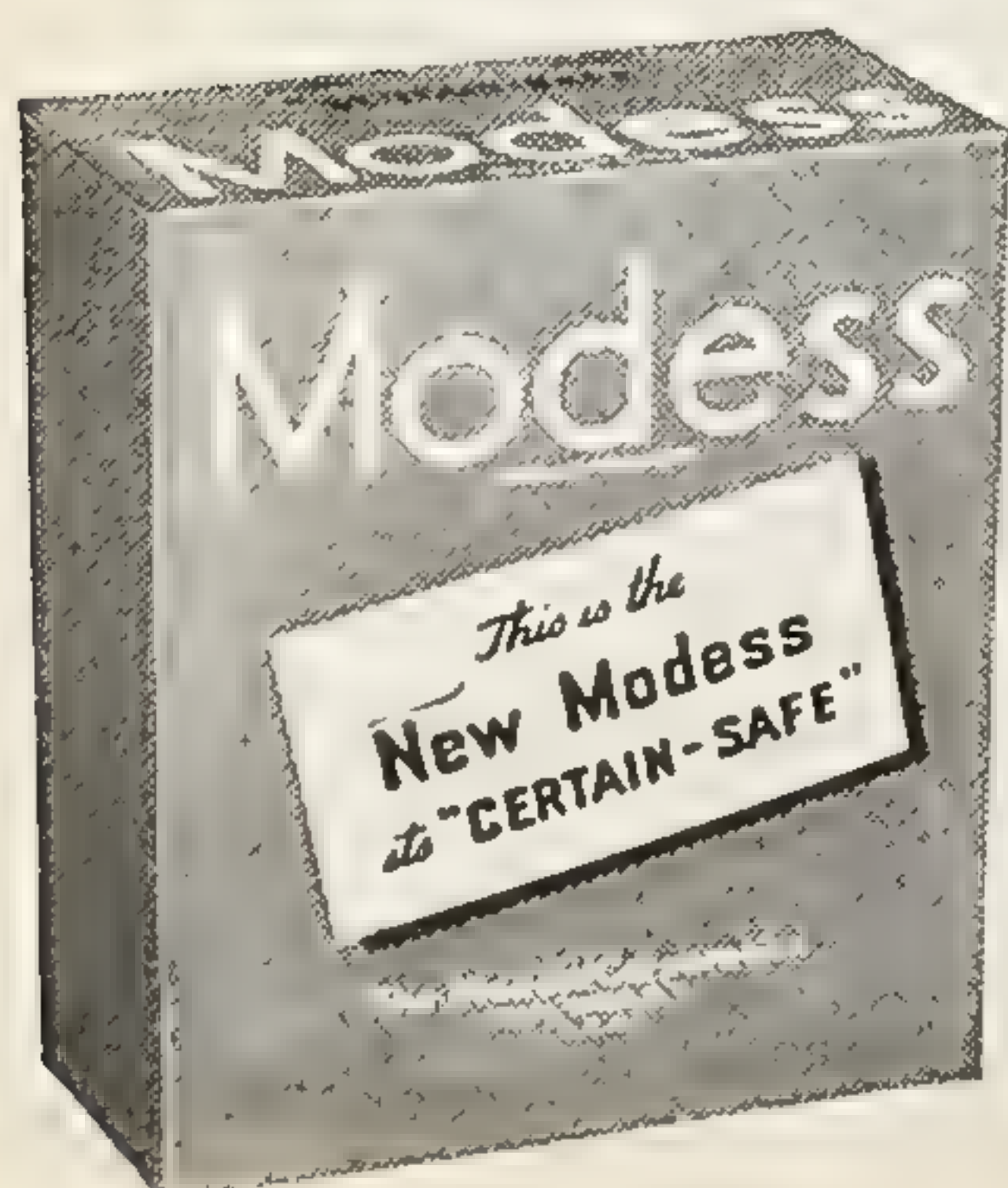
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MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE



Shirley Temple loves to work the dial phone with which her bungalow is equipped.

dowagers love it, when Mrs. Pat O'Brien, latest of the film colony to open a gown shop, celebrated the occasion with a fashion show in the Garden Room. The restaurant was packed to the top of its marble arches as all early Los Angeles, snooty Pasadena, and hot-cha Hollywood turned out *en masse*.

The laugh of the occasion was hubby Pat O'Brien, who rallied to his wife's support, and invited a dozen of his pals and cronies to sit at a stag table with him, and such a mess of he-men the Victor Hugo never saw before. Nearly every one of those Irish pans were red as milady's summer negligees strolled past, but no one deserted until the affair was over. Now don't you ever try to tell me that men aren't more loyal than women. Supporting Pat, in his hour of need, were Jimmy Cagney, Bob Armstrong, Frank Fay, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh, Jimmy Gleason, Joe E. Brown, Lyle Talbot, William Frawley and John Mack Brown—what a swell bunch of mugs for a fashion show.

Now my pretty gourmand, if you can lift your chassis from that chair, and remove that bit of crepe suzette, we'll wander over to Hollywood and see what goes on in that gay new night club called the New King's Club, to differentiate it from the Old King's Club. Bruce Knox, young, handsome, popular interior decorator de luxe—he did Franchot Tone's house, also Jean Parker's and Nancy Carroll's and the attractive Honeymoon Cottage of Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright—is the new owner of the King's Club and responsible for the beauty and simplicity of its decorations. The entire club is done in blue and white, even to the awning that leads from the sidewalk to the door, and it is most striking, as well as most becoming. Did you know that movie stars consider blue their best background color?

The King's Club is what we familiarly call an "intimate" club, in contrast to the Trocadero and the Clover Club which are quite large. There's an elegant bar, also done in blue and white, with blue cocktail shakers on the walls, and after a snifter there we pass on to the main room which is small and cozy, has an orchestra, a pocket handkerchief dance floor, and Guy Rennie, the master of ceremonies and the personality boy himself. Guy, late of the Weylin Bar in New York, does imitations of Crosby, Chevalier, Harry Richman and Lucienne Boyer, and if you'll heckle him he'll heckle back. He once socked a police commissioner, but so far he hasn't socked anyone in Hollywood.

The King's Club, under its new management, aims to be one of those open all the time places, though at present it is getting its biggest play from the stay-up-laters who close the Trocadero and then wander in for a night cap or breakfast. Last week Guy Rennie inaugurated the tea and cocktail hour on the lawn in front of the club and it went over big with Betty Furness, Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and lots of the younger set turning out for it, so, in time, this afternoon lawn party will become a part of Hollywood life, and the first of its kind in this neck of the woods.

The bridge luncheons are next on the program, and if you have to play bridge I can't imagine a lovelier place to trump your partner's ace than the blue and white room with its white boxes of daisies, which Bruce Knox explained to me were really only old tin cans, but I never would have guessed it. The most fun the club has had since it opened was the night Clark Gable came in with a party of friends and recognized the cashier as one of his former stand-ins. So there was nothing to do about it but that the bewildered and delighted stand-in must join the Gable party for a round of high-balls while Clark himself took charge of the cash register, and my, my, how he made it ring.

Another important feature of that evening was the first appearance in any night club of Jean Parker.. Jean has been Coconut Grooving it several times but she had never actually been in a night club until that night, but, after all, it was Bruce Knox who did her house for her so it was sort of like returning a call. Jean was accompanied by Robert Taylor, the wonder boy of the Metro lot, and girls, I breathlessly hasten to tell you that Bob is even more good looking off the screen than he is on. He and Jean have been running around together quite a bit lately, and it may be a romance.

Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond dropped in for dinner and a dance one evening, but refused to have their pictures taken, the meanies, but Lupe and Johnny, celebrating their last night together in Hollywood before Lupe started East, were more amenable. In fact it looked like it was going to be one of those most unique things, a peaceful evening with the Weissmullers, but no—along about midnight Johnny stretched out his long legs, yawned and remarked, "I think I'll have ham and eggs for breakfast in the morning." "You'll have toast and coffee," responded Mrs. Weissmuller. "I'll have ham and eggs," snapped Johnny with great determination. "You'll have toast and coffee, shrieked Lupe—and the battle was on.

Among the more or less dropper-inners for dinner, or a snack, or a snort are Joan Blondell and George Barnes, Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin, Peggy Fears and Felix Rolo, Nancy Carroll and Van Smith, Sylvia Sidney and Paul de Picon, French tennis player, Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, Fred Keating and Pat Ellis, Mary Carlisle and Eddie Hillman, Eddie Lowe and Marion Marsh, and Henry Wadsworth, Tom Brown, Cary Grant and Mischa Auer.

Why it's only two-thirty and here we are lapping down our last night cap (California has a two-thirty bar closing law, the sissies) and I couldn't possibly go home before the milk man arrives, so lets drop by the Brown Derby for breakfast. I think I could surround a set of little thin hot cakes with maple syrup and little pig sausages on the side with the greatest of ease. I've written about the Brown Brothers so many times in this magazine that I guess by now you know that sooner or later, every day or night, you've just got to drop by the Brown Derby. Night clubs may come and go—and do—and other restaurants may flourish—and do—but the Brown Derby never loses its prestige nor its patronage. Managed by the

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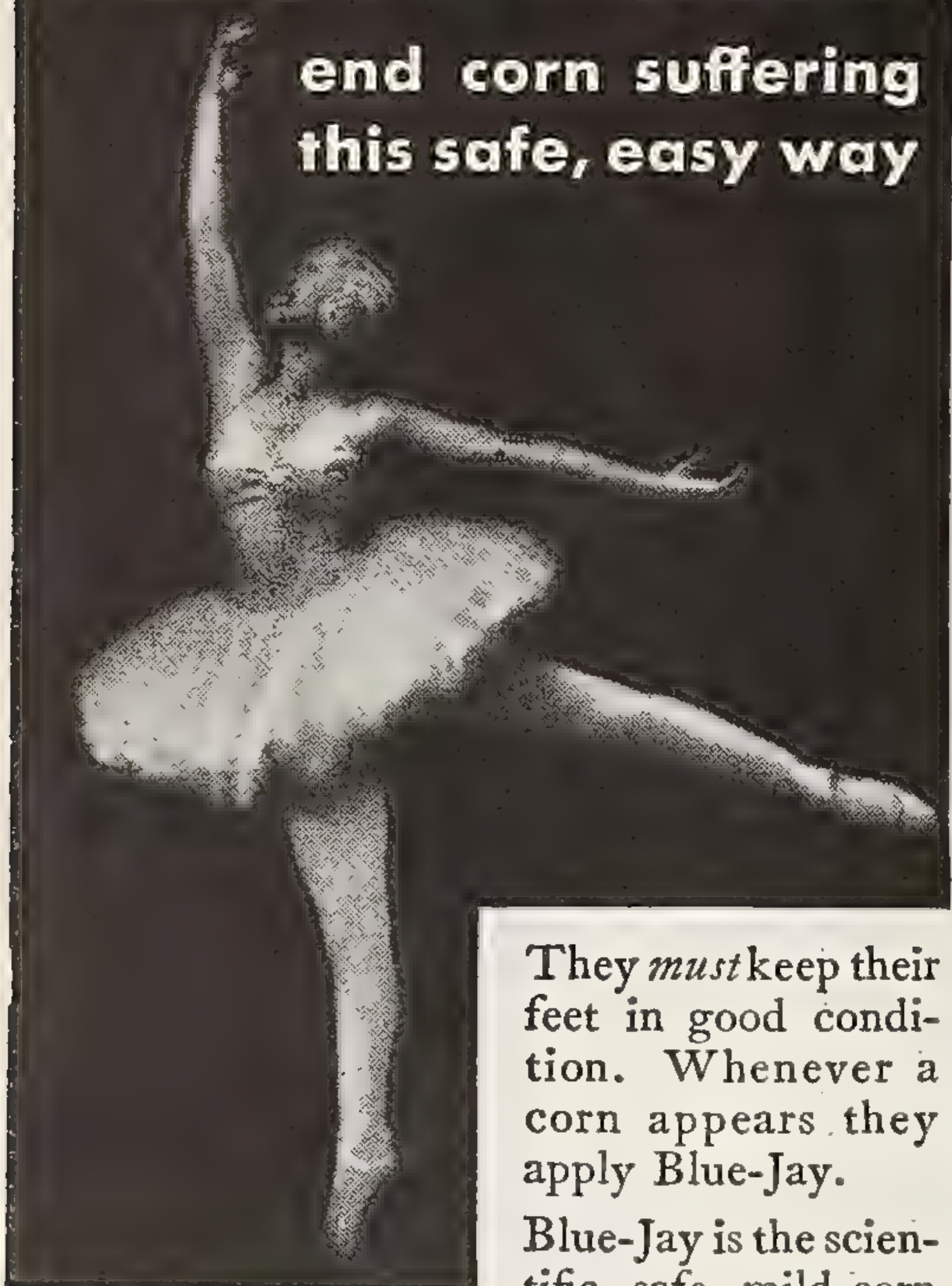
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popular Bob Cobb, who has that well known but seldom really seen heart of gold, the Brown Derbies do all right. No dancing there, no entertainment, but grand food and drink, excellent service, and an air of Hollywood about the place that never fails to excite me.

Several times a week, dining at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, you find Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall, Jimmy Cagney and the Missus, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, W. C. Fields entertaining his pals with elemental tricks in knife and fork juggling, and Joan Bennett and Gene Markey. And Thursday night, cook's night out, both Derbies are simply alive with stars.

Well, here are the little thin hot cakes and they are all little thin hot cakes are supposed to be. And if you think I'm the only person in Hollywood who's going in for a bit of breakfast you're crazy. Why, there are Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin with Fieldsy and Bob Cobb himself. And Benny Rubin and Jack Benny and Frank McHugh talking over the good old vaudeville days. And Randy Scott and Cary Grant batching it again, now that Virginia Cherrill has secured a divorce. Well, dancing's lots of fun, and far be it from me to go Judas on a rumba, but when it comes to a good old honest to goodness heart to

heart talk over a cup of steaming coffee, there's no place like the Brown Derby in the cold grey dawn.



Oh, what is so rare, so long and so lazy as Gary Cooper in June?

"Claudette Is Not Going to Stop There"

[Continued from page 21]

and then, seven years later, direct 'It Happened One Night?' I agreed that this was an amazing coincidence.

"The best scene I've ever done in a picture?" she said. "From my standpoint, I'd say it was the night club scene in 'The Gilded Lily.' In that scene, remember it—as a night club singer, I confess to the audience I've forgotten my song and dance—I made a conscious effort to play the scene so that it would be believable and funny. The scene could have been played a lot of different ways, it could have been burlesqued, it could have been played coyly—I really think that the way I played it was the best comedy performance I've ever given. I don't want you to think I'm being 'hammy' when I tell you about it, Ed, but probably sometime or other, you've written a column or a story that really satisfied you and gave you a kick. That night club scene in 'The Gilded Lily' gave me that same sort of feeling."

What would she rank second in her own personal flicker album? "The Torch Singer," she said. "Because it was on the level and honest. There's nothing that annoys me so greatly in stage plays or pictures as a theatre or night club scene where a singer is frankly lous—I mean frankly bad, and then the audience is shown going into hysterics of applause. You know what I mean. Those things don't happen in everyday life. If a singer is mediocre in a Broadway night club, his applause is mediocre too. So it's always exasperated me to see pictures in which audiences on the screen throw their hats in the air and otherwise go ga-ga. In 'Torch Singer' I apply for a job as a night club singer just as a place is closing up. Tables are being piled on top of each other. The three owners tell me to go ahead and sing. I get out on the floor and sing, pretty badly. The next shot shows the three owners shaking their heads and telling me that I'm terrible. That was a natural reaction on their parts. The next scenes showed me getting a little better as a performer. My dresses were a little better and I looked a little smarter. The progression of the picture was hon-

est, could have happened. Finally I was the toast of the town, but it was accomplished so gradually that it was believable."

Honesty, sincerity, believableness, charm—time and again, while we talked, Claudette Colbert stressed these things as holding paramount interest to her as an actress. I call your attention to them because they are fundamental items in her own private off-screen life. She is honest, she is sincere, she is a human being, she is charming.

In seventeen years of reporting, I've met a vast number of people and probably every conceivable type of celebrity, ranging from eggs who jumped off the Washington Bridge and landed on Page 1 to the Rickards and Dempseys and Jolsons, Cantors, Babe Ruths, Carole Lombards, Constance Bennetts and all the others who go to make up cannon fodder for a newspaperman's typewriter. Of them all, I'd rank Claudette Colbert as Tops. She is the nicest person I've ever encountered, unspoiled, good-humored, sympathetic, talented, considerate.

I imagine that she's not a great deal changed from the little pigtailed Frenchie who lived in New York's Furious Fifties and attended P.S. 15 and later drew pictures in the art classes at Washington Irving High School. In those early days, she wanted to be an artist and indeed had sufficient talent to persuade her mother and dad to suggest additional study, though the family was not too well supplied with worldly goods. "Cherie, you can perhaps be a commercial artist and draw illustrations for advertisements," suggested her father, and she thought that this would be a good idea.

Perhaps the expense would not be so enormous, at any event. For instance, there was that neighborhood girl, Helen Hackett, who was a good artist and she had offered to give Claudette free lessons in art, if the little Frenchie would teach her to speak French. Perhaps there were others who would consider such an artistic swap, meet at an aesthetic trading post as it were, and thus cut down the tuition overhead. The thrifty French side of young Miss Colbert found expression here.

Whether or not Miss Hackett learned French from youthful Claudette, I do not know. Claudette says she doubts it because the Hackett girl brewed a delightful pot of tea and the two of them, instead of cultivating each other's mind, sat and drank tea and ate cookies and dreamed the very splendid dreams that one can dream at seventeen. From these fanciful imaginings of the juvenile tea-drinkers was to emerge a Career. The Hackett girl, and she must have been a very wise young person when you consider the perception in the light of later years, decided one day that instead of becoming an artist, Claudette was to transfer her talent to the stage. They decided this very solemnly and drank another pot of tea, the youthful chum pledging that she would see to it that the stage would learn of Miss Colbert without further ado.

A few days later, the surprising girl sold Claudette down the river to two former vaudeville agents who were striking out into the dramatic arena, Al Lewis and Max Gordon. On Christmas night, 1924, there is no supporting evidence that Sarah Bernhardt or David Belasco or William A. Brady suspected that there had arrived a red-letter day in the drama. It is to be believed that only the Hacketts and the Colberts knew that Claudette was to make her debut in "The Wild Westcotts" at the Frazer Theatre.

The 17-year old pride of the Colbert family had only one speech in the play. It read: "It was so lovely—the garden was very beautiful—I'm so hungry." Her mother said that night, when Claudette returned home, that this speech had been delivered so dramatically that "The Wild Westcotts" immediately took on life and animation. But even her mother, prejudiced as she might have been, was absolutely rendered mute when Claudette, at the end of the first week, returned with the staggering sum of \$50. It was practical proof of the validity of Santa Claus.

A few seasons later, Claudette was to deliver another classic line, but this time the setting was more imposing. This was Eugene O'Neill's "Dynamo" under the production aegis of the Theatre Guild, an expression in dramaturgy of the conflict between Man and Machine. Rather it was an expression of the conflict between Woman, symbolized by Miss Colbert, and a Man-Who-Had-a-Yen-for-Machines, interpreted by Glenn Anders. In this uneven conflict the machine had no chance and at the end of the play the triumphant Miss Colbert, having won Anders, looked at the dynamo on the stage and said: "Dynamo, I Love You." The line was so silly, removed from the context of the play, that the Broadway wags built all kinds of gags around it. It got so that La Colbert was afraid to appear on the public boulevards, for fear that the school children or the layoffs in front of the Palace would follow her down Broadway, repeating the line aloud. Even today, when the sound cameras start up, the whirring electric noise that is so reminiscent of a dynamo is apt to make her fall gracefully into Clark Gable's arms, which is not bad work if you can get it.

"You've travelled a long way in a short time," I said to her, sitting there in her suite at the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel. "From 'The Wild Westcotts' and your one tiny speech of 1924 to the No. 1 actress of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in 1935—that's quite a hop, Claudette." She nodded and the curls on her forehead moved up and down: "Uh-huh, it's been fast and furious and looking back, it's hard to tell whether the heartaches were more numerous than the pleasantries. But it's been exciting, at least. I have five years more. I hope my luck holds out."



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Reviews [Continued from page 56]

BLACK FURY

Rating: 90°—MAGNIFICENT—Warners

PAUL MUNI'S latest picture is his best since "Fugitive from a Chain Gang." It's a stirring, thrilling story about the coal mines in Pennsylvania, and Paul as Joe Radek, a "hunky" coal-miner, is simply superb, and his acting is something that you cannot afford to miss.

Now don't get excited—this isn't one of those "capital vs. labor" and "propaganda" pictures. It's one hundred percent Americanism, and as thrilling a film as you've met up with in many a day. When Paul's girl, Karen Morley, runs away with a copper, William Gargan, Paul goes on a magnificent drunk, and while under the influence of his liquor, he goes to his union meeting and innocently splits the union right in two.

This is just what a couple of racketeers, working for a crooked professional strike-breaking company, planned, so they make poor Paul, befuddled by drink and grief, the goat. There's a terrible strike, and the strike-breakers move in. When his best friend is killed by one of the racketeers, Paul realizes at last that he has betrayed his friends and his union, so, with the help of Karen, who has come back to him, he takes possession of the mine and wins back for his friends everything they lost from the strike-breakers.

It may not sound so exciting, but believe me, it is. Men, especially, will enjoy it. It's good rare meat and potatoes, and quite acceptable after all this frou frou and whipped cream that has been around lately.

HOLD 'EM YALE

Rating: 58°—COMEDY PURE AND SIMPLE—Paramount

OLE Massa Damon Runyan put his pen to this one so you just know it will be for the masses, and I trust you don't consider yourself too good for the masses. It's about a society girl, Patricia Ellis, who has a yen for males in uniforms and there's nothing her father, George Barbier, can do about it but buy her out of one romance after another, and beg her to marry that nice young man Larry Crabbe.

But poor, faithful and rather dull Larry hasn't a chance when Cesar Romero, racketeer and aviator, lands one day on the family estate. Pat falls for him hook, line and sinker, and winds up in his apartment, which she discovers she must share with his gang, William Frawley, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer, and Andy Devine, and what a happy little family that is. Of course the laughs come thick and hearty

when Pat decides to domesticate the gorillas, who, after a siege of housekeeping and hen-pecking, are only too glad to return her to her father and faithful Larry, who seems a bit miscast.

STAR OF MIDNIGHT

Rating: 85°—SOPHISTICATED MYSTERY—RKO

WELL, well, echoes of "The Thin Man" again, but such charming, delightful echoes that who the heck cares. William Powell—oh girls, ain't he swell?—again plays a young lawyer who has a yen for solving mysteries, and he certainly goes to town on this one. Ginger Rogers steps into the Myrna Loy rôle this time, and Myrna will certainly have to look to her laurels, for our little Ginger, who has been skipping over tables with Freddy Astaire lately, has suddenly developed into a most beautiful, sophisticated, and utterly devastating young woman, with just the right flair for comedy.

I won't tell you the mystery—except that it isn't as good as the dialogue—but the picture goes in for swell suspense, and you'll actually get the creeps in some of the scenes. The comedy sequences between Powell and Ginger are perfect and will have you splitting with laughter.

Russell Hopton, who plays a sort of Walter Winchell, is the guy who gets killed, and among the suspects are Paul Kelly, Gene Lockart, Ralph Morgan, Leslie Fenton and Vivien Oakland. You can pick the murderer yourself.

PEOPLE WILL TALK

Rating: 70°—BOLAND AND RUGGLES COMEDY—Paramount

HOLD tight to your seats or you'll have to roll in the aisle with me over this one. Of course Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are my favorite people anyway, and I am still chuckling over "Ruggles of Red Gap," but in this unpretentious little comedy Mistress Mary and Master Charlie are more hilariously funny than ever before. Again they play the proverbial married couple (they've been married on the screen so many times that I feel that they should be faithful to each other between pictures) and they haven't had a family row in twenty-three years of domestic happiness.

The picture opens with the first wedding anniversary celebration of their daughter, Leila Hyams, and Dean Jagger, which ends in Leila calling her spouse a so-and-so and coming home to mother. Mary has the bright idea of staging a fake fight between herself and Charlie so it will bring the young folks together again—and the fun begins. The fake fight becomes real with

poor Charlie quite innocently falling into the clutches of a philandering married woman, and my, my what complications.

A high bit of comedy is the society wrestling match staged for the Milk Fund benefit, with Charlie as referee. If it's laughs you want, good clean hearty laughs, this is what the doctor ordered for you and the family.

STRANGERS ALL

Rating: 55°—HOMEY—RKO

HERE'S a much better than usual little picture about the trials and tribulations of American family life. May Robson plays Mom Carter, who's a swell mother to her three sons, Preston Foster, Billy Bakewell, and James Bush, and her one daughter, Florine McKinney, and has a time for herself trying to straighten them out.

Preston's okay, but that Billy and that James give the poor old lady many bad moments. Billy, as a stagestruck and very hamish thespian, practically steals the picture. He's grand. And so is James Bush, as a budding young communist who wants to save humanity and gets arrested as a result. It's a very interesting, and at times splendidly dramatic picture, well directed by Charles Vidor.

BABY FACE HARRINGTON

Rating: 60°—MERKEL AND BUTTERWORTH—M-G-M

ALL the Butterworth fans should clutter around this one, for it's nearly all Charlie from beginning to end. Charlie with his vacuous gaze and his apologetic wit plays a timid soul, who suddenly, through no fault of his own, becomes a muchly publicized gangster, Baby-face Harrington no less, and then, through another series of farcial circumstances, just as suddenly becomes a national hero.

Charlie is married to Una Merkel, who is her usual excellent self, but whyohwhy couldn't the director and the author give Una a few comedy scenes of her own? Such a swell comedienne should never have to play straight, particularly in a rollicking farce such as this.

Nat Pendleton plays a nasty gangster, and also in the cast are Harvey Stephens, the smoothie, and Eugene Pallette and Donald Meek. The swell scene where Charlie, with a rope around his neck, and Nat, who is ready to "take him for a ride," discover that they were once boy scouts together will have you in stitches.

The Great Bergner [Continued from page 53]

instead of going on to a gay party, my supper is served to me on a tray in bed."

While she speaks she is as motionless as the Sphinx. Small, expressive hands, as celebrated as those of Duse, are folded quietly in her lap. Her life, of necessity, is one of absolute seclusion—as apart from the world as though she dwelt within the cloistered walls of a convent.

"My only diversion is solitaire. With my cards I can forget everything. It is the same with my acting."

We spoke again of the possibility of her going to Hollywood.

"Why should I?" she demanded, "my schedule for a full year is filled with work

congenial to my temperament and artistic ideals. In the Spring I am booked to play my most beloved Shakespearean roles at Stratford-on-Avon and after that the play which Sir James Barrie has written for me. And oh, I'm so happy that Shaw, after nine years, has finally given me permission to do his 'St. Joan' for a British film company."

When Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, famous European film director, who was in love with her many years before they were married, went to see the British playwright about Bergner's portraying 'St. Joan' on the screen, Shaw turned him down with the facetious promise that permission

might be given if the movies ever talked! (They didn't, you know, in 1925.)

But the little Austrian actress, with an indomitable will that never raises the white flag of surrender, went to see Shaw on her own.

Her recountal of her visit to Shaw's sanctum sanctorum fills her eyes with merriment: "We talked about everything under the sun," she said, "except what I'd come to talk about. When I was leaving I said: 'Do you think I can do the picture now?' He smiled and replied: 'Did you ever really doubt it?' I walked away on the clouds. You see doing that picture means so much to me. It's my favorite rôle."

Studio News

[Continued from page 33]

up sharply, jumps down and starts to help Ketti off.

"Who've you got there, Cesar?" George Irving calls from the inside of the house.

"Very fine lady and gentleman," Warner answers as he lifts Ketti off the horse. "Their airplane comes down on the pampas. I speak for you, patron, and give them welcome to the *estancia*."

"That's right," Irving approves.

This is almost the opening shot in the picture so I can't tell you what it's about. All I know is that Warner is back in his old *Cisco Kid* costume and, apparently, enjoying it.

"Secret Lives" is another murder mys-



Herbert Mundin, Gilbert Roland and Mona Barrie in a murder story called "Secret Lives."



Ketti Gallian and Warner Baxter in "Under the Pampas Moon."

tery. Gil is in his own apartment, minding his business, when suddenly a beautiful blonde (la Barrie) happens in. Shortly after the police come to pick her up in connection with the murder which has taken place in the next apartment. She calmly announces she has been here with Gil all evening and he—always the gentleman—backs her up. After the cops are gone he flips a coin to decide whether he shall keep her there as hostage or turn her over to the law. I've forgotten which way the coin falls but he keeps her anyhow.

And I can't say I blame him, as she is quite an eyeful in her white crepe gown with an over-slip of georgette trimmed in crystal beads. Ver-y niftig.

There isn't a great deal to this scene. Gil suddenly decides to have a look in the murdered man's apartment so they march through his dining room, out on to a terrace on which the other apartment also opens. Just as they are going out the window the door to the butler's pantry opens and Herbert Mundin comes in. His face is quite a study as he sees Miss Barrie but he never utters a sound and in a second the scene is over.

Next on the program at Fox is "The Darling Young Man," which boasts the presence of James Dunn and Mae Clarke. Jimmie isn't working today but Mae is. It's her first picture since her long illness.

"Dick, you old so and so," Mae exclaims when the scene is finished. "How've you been?"

"As well as could be expected, not seeing you for so long," I reply.

"Look at this room for a newspaper scribe," she changes the subject. "I'm afraid some of you writers will think things about me when you see this."

"Never mind, Mae," I soothe her, "I know you're a good girl."

"Thanks, pal," says Mae gratefully. "Give me a ring. Still the same number. We'll have some laughs."

The other picture at Fox—"Our Little Girl," starring Shirley Temple, is closed

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to visitors because they want to keep Shirley unspoiled. The last time I saw Shirley I had to peel berries for her for an hour so I'm just as well satisfied to skip her today and get over to

M-G-M.

DESPITE the supposed lull at all the studios this month, there are three pictures shooting out here. First, there's "The Flame Within" starring Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall. This is Ann's first picture since her recent illness and she sure looks lovely. The set is closed to visitors but by swearing not to speak to her, or cough or even look at her if she



Henry Stephenson, Herbert Marshall and Ann Harding in "Flame Within," which Edmund Goulding wrote and is directing.

should happen to glance in my direction, I manage to get on. It's the waiting room of her suite of offices, she being a doctor. It's late in the afternoon and there is a general air of "another day's work well done" pervading the place. At least, that's the way the script describes the air.

Henry Stephenson is lolling about smoking his pipe. Herbert Marshall is fidgeting around and Ann is getting ready to go home.

"It is now seven o'clock, my children," Henry observes paternally, "so will you two stop arguing and come to the fights with me? I have three ringside seats. (Now how, I wonder, does he happen to have three seats? It's such an unusual number to buy) and a bet with my surgery floor sister on the colored boy."

"Seriously, Mary," Marshall puts in, ignoring Henry's kind invitation for the night of June 11th, "you're not taking this fellow on as a patient?"

"I won't know till I've seen him," Ann answers.

"Mary," says Steve sternly, "you'll do nothing of the kind. Male alcoholics are out of your line, ducky."

At this juncture in their affairs, Ann's secretary, Virginia Howell, enters. "That man will be at your apartment at eight thirty, doctor. I spoke to him direct."

"All right," Ann agrees. "I'll hurry." And with this she starts clearing up her desk and putting on her coat, a white oil-skin raincoat.

"So must we hurry," announces Henry, "Come on Gordon, let's go to the fights." Well, it goes on and on like this.

Edmund Goulding, who is directing it, also wrote it. Eddie is the gent who wrote and directed "The Trespasser" for Gloria Swanson a few years ago. He has a happy faculty for thinking up great ideas for pictures, going into the front office and telling them, and then, when they buy the idea, Eddie goes home to write it. But, by the time he gets home he's forgotten it, so he thinks up another idea and writes it down.

I can't find out if "The Flame Within" is one of his originals or one of his after-thoughts but he makes good pictures so it doesn't matter.

Then we have the peerless Harlow in the long delayed and oft-postponed "China Seas." Despite the fact that this has been on M-G-M's production schedule for two or three years, they haven't a synopsis of it—or any of the other pictures in production at this time, so I can't tell you what any of them are about.

All I know is that the scene is a suite on a steamer and Jean is in the bedroom with Wally Beery. M. Beery has his hair tousled, dress pants and one of those pleated black bands that some men wear around their waists instead of a vest, and a soft shirt, open at the throat with no tie.

Miss Harlow is all done up in a satin evening gown which is kept up in front by two rhinestone bands on each arm. There isn't any back to her dress so they don't have to worry about keeping that up.

"What color is that dress, Jean?" I inquire.

Jean glances at it indifferently. "I call it



First still on "China Seas," with Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow. Clark Gable is also in it.

nude satin but I guess you better call it something different or the censors will get sore."

"I'll spell it 'newd,'" I promise, "and no one will know what I'm talking about. What's ever become of that book you were writing?"

Jean looks slightly annoyed. All actors are always announcing that they're writing books but none of them ever hit the bookstores. "Oh, there are still some changes I want to make in it," she answers, "and I haven't got around to it yet."

The director calls them for a rehearsal. Something goes wrong and they have to have a conference. As there is only one chair in the cabin and Wally is sitting on that, Jean sits on his lap during the conference. She might as well have been his daughter, Carol Ann, for all the attention he pays.

To get on with the story, it seems Wally has missed a piece of a hundred pound note from his wallet and he suspects Jean of taking it. They argue for what seems like hours about whether she has it or hasn't it and as the dialogue isn't particularly sparkling there's no use taking up space giving it to you. Oh, yes! Her name in the picture is *China Doll* and I believe Clark Gable has also been cast in this one.

Chester Morris, who seems to alternate between M-G-M and Universal is at the former studio this month in a piece called "Public Hero #1" which, if you ask me, is a helluva name for a picture. It deals with the government secret service department.

Joseph Calleia (who played in "Small Miracle" in New York) is a member of a band of crooks. They've captured him and have him in the pen but he won't talk so he's no good to them. Chester is a secret service man. The department sends him to the pen on a minor charge and stick him in the cell with Joe. Ches plans a break, figuring Joe will go right back to his gang and, in that way, Ches will find out where the gang is and capture them.

They make the break all right by knocking the warden unconscious and forcing a couple of members of the prison board to give up their clothes. They get the two victims some other clothes and, at the point of a gun, force them out ahead. As they come out the door of the warden's office into the prison yard, the driver of the two unfortunates' car is dozing. Prodding his victims with a gun, Calleia forces them into the car and then pokes one of them—Simpson (Selmer Jackson)—with his revolver.

"Turn around, Edwards, and don't make a sound," Jackson says to the chauffeur.

Edwards turns and when he sees the two convicts with his gun leveled, his teeth start chattering.

"Now," says Jackson, feeling none too good himself, "we'll drive out as usual."

"Yeah—okay," Edwards agrees.

"Go ahead," Ches orders.

One of Chester's biggest successes was made on this lot and it was a prison picture, too—"The Big House." I sure hope this is a repeater.

When they go to make the "long shot" of this scene they put his double in the car so he won't wear himself out acting, because from a distance you won't be able to see who's in the machine. So Ches and I are standing quietly talking.

Suddenly the assistant sound man comes up. "Mr. Morris, you're standing practically under the microphone so when they make another take will you keep quiet? Your conversation is coming through the mike."

"Well, fancy that," Ches ejaculates in amazement. "You mean you could hear our conversation?"

"Yes, sir," says the assistant.

Ches turns to me mockingly: "Isn't that wonderful?" And then he turns back to the sound man in assumed anxiety: "Was it good conversation? Was the dialogue snappy?"

What can you do with a guy like that? You can do what I did—leave him and go on over to another stage where they're making "Age of Indiscretion."

This opus features Madge Evans, May Robson, Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Helen Vinson.

Madge isn't working today but all the others are.

The scene is a courtroom but, as I told you, that's all I can find out about it. Paul and his attorney and my favorite boy actor, little David Holt, who made such a hit with Lee Tracy and Helen Mack in "You Belong to Me," are sitting at the long table. The place is packed when suddenly la Vinson, Mrs. Robson, Mr. Forbes, Minor Watson and a battery of attorneys start down the aisle.

"Go on over and say 'hello' to your boy," May orders.

"I'd rather not," Helen whispers. "I'd have to talk to Michael (Paul Lukas) if I did."

"You talked to him for eleven years without its killing you," May retorts. "Go on over—make an impression on these people."

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"Mother is right," Ralph whispers.

Helen gives him a withering glance and none too enthusiastically goes over to the table where David is sitting. He is in somewhat of a daze and just nods his head as Helen comes up. She ignores Paul and his attorney, smiles at David and then kisses him.

"Don't be frightened, Bill," she coos. "Mother's here with you."

"I'm all right," says David defensively. I think he likes his father best.

"Turn around, darling," says Helen, conscious that people's eyes are on them. "Let me see your hair." She starts to fix it, straightens his tie, etc. "Have you got your warm underwear on?"

"Sure," David answers impatiently.

"It'll soon be over, darling," she whispers and then hugs him dramatically. Then she sees a photographer approaching and holds the pose long enough for him to get a picture.

Paul is in a cold fury at these theatrics.

"Hel-lo, Dick," he exclaims when the scene is ended.

"How's Daisy (his wife)?" I inquire as we shake hands.

"Fine," says Paul. Then the director calls him for another take.

"I'm afraid that last one was no good," the sound man announces gloomily. Miss Vinson's voice was too low.

"Why," exclaims Helen in mock indignation, "I don't see how you can say such a thing! You must remember I'm a lady."

They start in to another take and I take off for

Twentieth Century

MR. RICHARD ARLEN, Mr. Eric Linden, Mr. Bruce Cabot and Miss Virginia Bruce are doing their bit over here in a piece called "Let 'Em Have It" which also deals with the secret service department. Dick is supposed to be the ace of the department and Bruce is Dillinger. Eric is a cub detective. Bruce has just made his getaway from that place in Minnesota or Wisconsin or wherever it was.

Dick, looking pretty much like what the well dressed man will wear, is standing in his office with Eric.

"Want to see me, Mal?" Eric asks.

"Yes, buddy," from Dick. "I've got a job for you right away. I want you to do a little detective work for me."

"What?" Eric asks eagerly.



Eric Linden and Richard Arlen in "Let 'Em Have It." This is one of the pictures glorifying the federal man-hunters.

"In your own home," Dick explains.

"My own home!" Eric repeats, completely flabbergasted.

"Not exactly in your home," Dick qualifies. "I want you to give your garage the once over."

"What for?" Eric asks.

"Keefer (Bruce) may have left some old shoes in the garage. If he did I'd like to get my hands on one of them."

"Oh," says Eric, greatly relieved, "I get you."

"Dash over to your house as fast as you can—give that garage a thorough search," Dick orders.

"I'm on my way," Eric agrees.

"Y'know," says Dick to me after the take, "it's the most amusing thing. I've discovered since we're working on this picture that real operatives can take a shoe, a finger print and a hat of a man and reconstruct his whole body, but accurately, from those three things."

It is amazing when you stop to think of it but I've still a lot of sets to cover, so with another admiring glance at Dick's outfit (I wish I could wear clothes like that guy!) I amble over to the next stage.

"The Call of the Wild" company is finally finishing up here. They were on location at Mt. Baker, Washington, for weeks and finally had to come back to California to make the picture.

What a set they've built. You'd swear you actually saw the mountains and fir and spruce trees all around you. There is a little creek there and on a flat place Jack is sitting, surrounded by his huskies (the Alaskan dogs, I mean). In one hand he holds a bit of a sandwich and in the other a stick with which he gesticulates as he talks to an imaginary audience.

"Okay, gentlemen. Place your bets, the race starts in a few minutes. What'll you have, sir? Fifty on Webfoot? (apparently addressing another bettor) Twenty-five on Green Streak? Very good, sir. Odds are twenty to one on that animal as you know, sir. Now, you'll pardon me for a moment, gentlemen, while I run over to the paddock and inspect the mounts."

He swivels around without rising, lifts his coat and reveals two little frogs and one big apathetic looking toad imprisoned under it. "Ah, here we are. I don't like the looks of Queen Victoria," he goes on, picking up the toad, "something's got her bloated." Suddenly he beats on a frying pan with his stick. "Ah, the line-up bell!" He picks up the three frogs and puts them at the end of a straightaway track, the finishing line of which is the brook. He holds them imprisoned under his fingers for a moment and then, "They're off!" The frogs start for the creek and Oakie continues in his lingo: "Green Streak has the rail—at the quarter pole, Queen Victoria closes—Webfoot two lengths back. At the half, Queen Victoria falters. Come on Webfoot, you dog. Green Streak crowded to the outside. Coming into the back stretch, Green Streak makes a bid. They're neck and neck. Queen Victoria in the ruck. They're at the wire!"

The smallest frog makes it. The toad goes halfway and collapses. When the race is finished Jack announces the results: "Webfoot wins! Green Streak places! Queen Victoria resigned." He tosses the frog back into the stream. "Well, gentlemen, that ends today's program. Gotta be on my merry way."

He starts to rise when suddenly we hear the terrific screaming bray of his burro. At the same time the dogs start barking. He turns sharply and there are Reginald Owen, Frank Conroy and a couple of bit players—the villains of the piece.

"I've a sneaking hunch that Jack gets done in right here but I'll leave you in suspense while I take you through

R-K-O.

THE most important picture here this month is the famous "Becky Sharp" which I missed for two months running. This is multi-millionaire Jock Whitney's all-color picture, starring Miriam Hopkins.

As his publicity man, Paul Snell, takes me out on the set he begins his sales talk: "Dick, have you ever seen black and white people? Did you ever see a black and

white sunset? Is everything in your life black and white? No, no! A thousand times no! Then why, let me ask you, should you accept everything on the screen in black and white?"

"No reason at all," I assure him, "except, perhaps, the same reason that made you accept black and white pictures during the years you worked at Paramount, Fox and M-G-M."

"Shut up," says Paul. "Everybody in Hollywood has had credit for the innovation of color pictures except the one man who really started it all—Merian C. Cooper. He was the daddy of color pictures. Well, his contract with R-K-O ends this fall and then he's coming with Mr. Whitney as vice-president in charge of production. And, boy, will things hum then."

By this time we've arrived on the set. It looks like an attic room to me. There is a beautiful mahogany dressing table, a couple of nice antique chairs but, my God! The rest of the furniture. A cheesy four poster bed with filthy covers on it, a dirty rug on the floor, a small brick fireplace with no fire (but maybe it's summer), and



Miriam Hopkins and Alan Mowbray in the all-color production of "Becky Sharp."

a hideous old black washstand with a pitcher and bowl on it like we used to have in our servants' rooms when I was a kid.

Suddenly Miriam rushes into the room. She has on a periwinkle blue dress, empire style and over her arm is hung a leghorn hat (it *must* be summer!) by two streamers. In her hand she carries a stick of peppermint candy. She is chuckling softly to herself as she tosses the hat on the bed. All at once there is a peremptory knock at the door. Miriam grabs a comb, gives her bangs a going over, drops down on a chair before the mirror and bursts into loud sobs as she calls "Come in."

Alan Mowbray, in a British officer's uniform, rushes in.

"Oh, Becky, darling," he breathes, dropping on his knee beside her, "why didn't you tell me? Do you suppose I care who your mother was—how you were brought up? Why did you have to hide things from me?"

"If you'd led my life," Miriam sobs violently, "there are some things you'd want to hide even from yourself." Then, with an effort (a slight effort, I suspect) she controls her emotion and faces him: "Tell me, are you sorry about yesterday?"

"If?" he repeats. "Sorry? Never! Oh, Becky, dear, you're my wife now—my own sweet wife."

"Your wife," she jeers with a bitter laugh. "We've been married less than twenty-four hours and already you doubt my word."

"I don't!" he protests. "I—I—only want to know—"

"What! More? Still more? Endlessly?" her voice rising. "Would you like to hear about my father? What a great painter he was? How he drank? How he killed his



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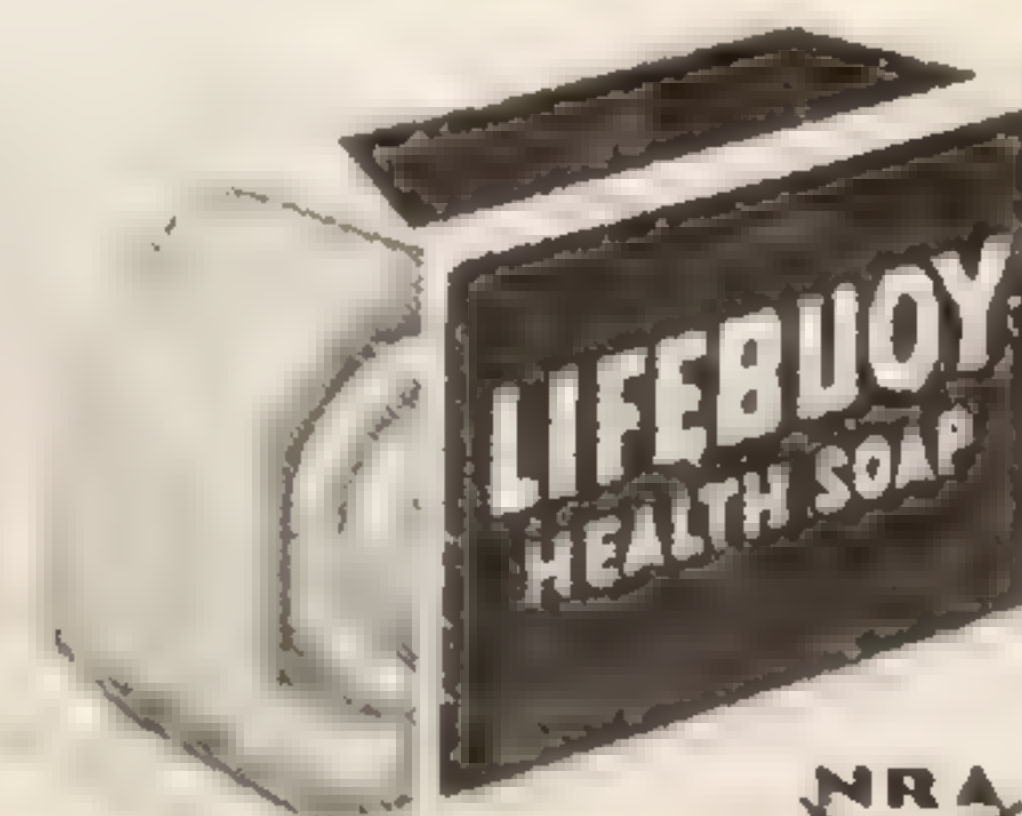
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talent? His hopes? His wife? Oh! He beat her and when I begged him, 'Daddy! Daddy! Don't strike her—strike me!' What do you think he did? Well, I'll tell you—he struck me!"

Do you know what I think? I think *Becky* is a scheming little adventuress—that she's lying in her teeth and I don't believe she ever even had a father! But anyhow it's grand drama and it wouldn't surprise me if she were almost as good in this part as Mrs. Fiske was—and it was one of Mrs. F's greatest success.

"I'm so absorbed in "Becky Sharp" that I can hardly bear to tear myself away from it long enough to cope with the inanities of "Hooray for Love" which is no more inane than any other musical.



"Hooray for Love" is a new musical, with Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond.

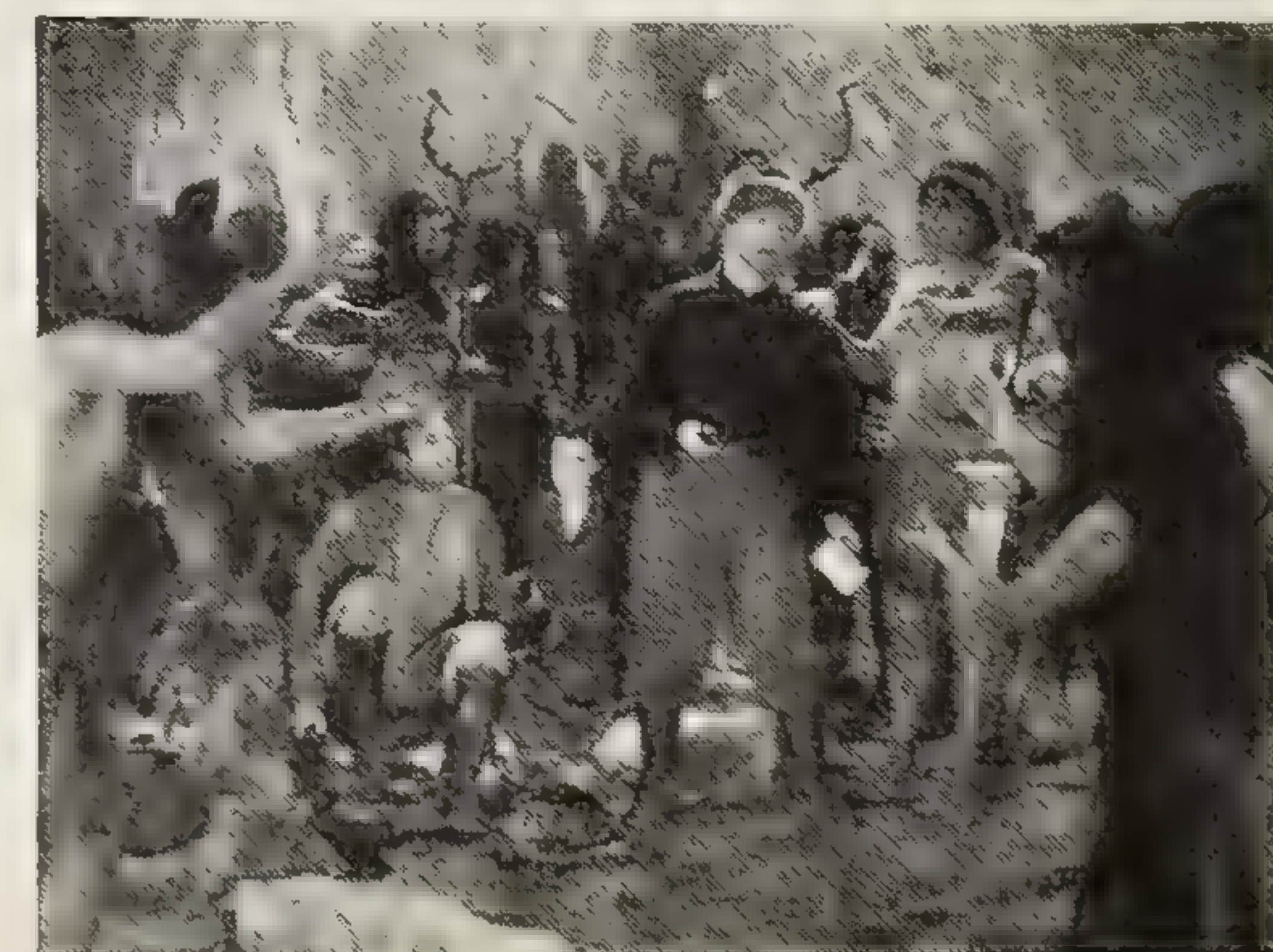
The most noteworthy thing about this picture is that it presents a new cast in musicals—no Astaire, Rogers and Dunne (worse luck!) but presenting Ann Sothorn, Gene Raymond, Helen Broderick, Bill Robinson and Jenny Le Gon.

The set is a night club and the place is packed. I don't know what they'd do if Garbo or Dietrich should suddenly pop in as there isn't an empty table in the place. The chorus girls are in very snappy outfits and Miss Sothorn is trying her best to sing a number called, I think, "Palsy-Walsy, how'm I doin'?" but Mr. Raymond keeps interfering.

So we leave them to their squabbles and saunter over to where they're bringing Rider Haggard's "She" to the screen.

This was to have featured Joel McCrea, but since Joel's defection, R-K-O has borrowed Randolph Scott again and he's in it, along with Helen Mack and Nigel Bruce, AND Helen Gahagan.

What with my neuritis, my sciatica, a sty on my eye and a couple of dozen other things it's just too much to expect me to remember all the ramifications of the plot but I know that the first three players I mentioned are on a search for the Flame of Eternal Youth. They're somewhere in



Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, Nigel Bruce and Nobel Johnson in one of the weird sequences for "She."

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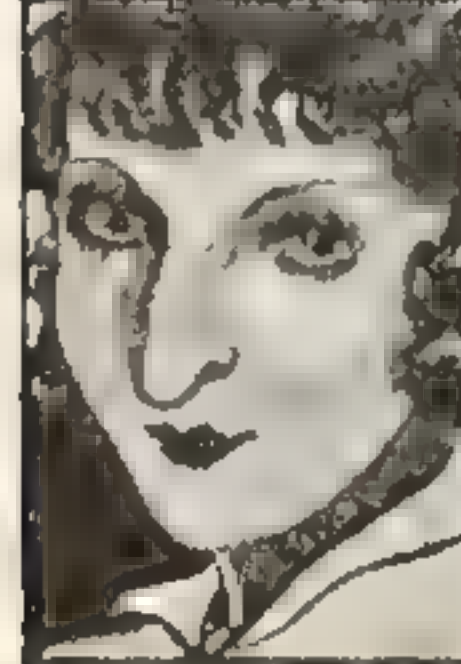
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northern Siberia, all done up in furs, when suddenly they step through a glacier or something (sort of like *Alice in Wonderland*) and next thing you know they're in the heart of the tropics in the land of the Amahaggers. These cheerful little people turn out to be cannibals but our friends do not discover it until after they've partaken of a hearty meal, and then they wonder what they've eaten. The Amahaggers instead of killing their victims outright have a cosy little practice of heating an iron helmet to a white heat and then slipping it over the head of their victim. The fat or the hat is in the fire, while Randy, Helen and Nige sit miserably on the sidelines. While the iron is heating up, the Amahaggers go into their dance, chanting rhythmically something that sounds like "Ah-ah-na-ga-dah"—over and over.

It is a gorgeous set—all caves and crags and everything looks very much on the up and up until I spy a gourd lying on its side with "R-K-O Property Dept." stamped on the bottom. And then I know the whole thing is just a picture so I lose interest and mosey over to

Paramount

THERE are, a merciful heaven be praised, only two pictures going here. One is "The Crusades"—De Mille's latest effusion—and the other is "The Glass Key."

"The Crusades" won't be released until September so there is no use going into that now.

"The Glass Key" is from one of Dashiell Hammett's best sellers and a right nifty book it is.

George Raft plays *Ed* and Edward Arnold plays *Paul* Madvig. Arnold is a big political boss and George is his right hand man. Ed is about to clean up the town because it's coming on election time. One of his rivals, Big Boy Williams, gets out of line and is about to open up a road house. Arnold tells him if he does it will be raided so quick it will make his head swim and Big Boy threatens to go over to the opposi-



George Raft, Edward Arnold and Rosalind Cullis in an exciting moment from "The Glass Key."

tion ticket if Arnold does. Arnold, in a fury, picks up the 'phone right in front of Big and gives his orders.

Big stands there a moment, spits on the rug of Arnold's office and slams the door after him.

Raft says nothing and wipes the palm of his hand with his handkerchief. He doesn't look at Arnold who is staring at him with questioning eyes.

"Well?" Arnold asks finally.

"Wrong, Paul," says George quietly.

"Why?" demands Arnold, flaring up.

"Nothing," George shrugs.

"Don't anything ever suit you?" comes irritably from Arnold. "You think I ought to've backed down?"

"No," George concedes, "but you should have left him an out. Now he's got to fight—and it's only three weeks to election."

"I've run this town for ten years," Ar-



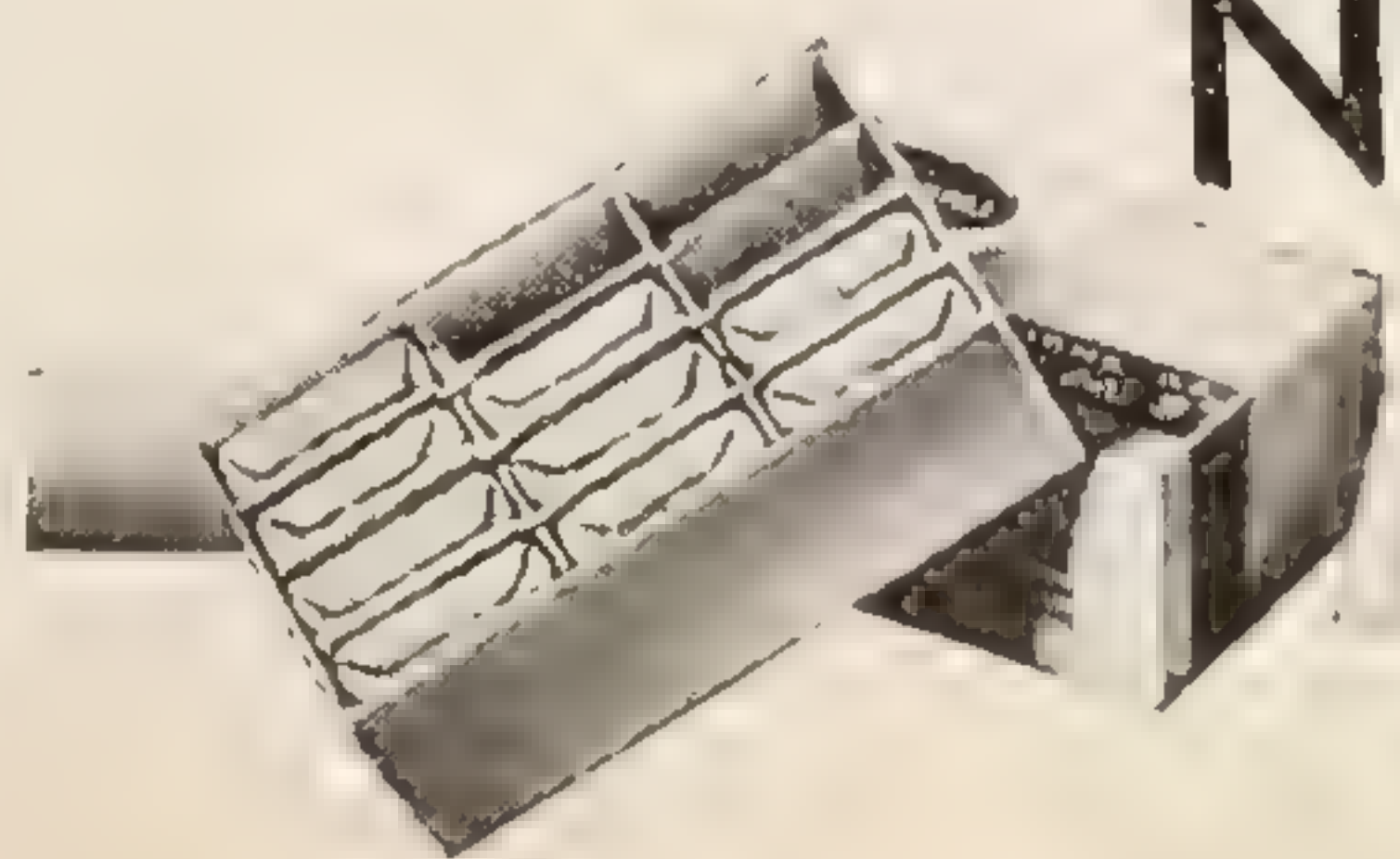
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nold blusters, "and I'll keep on running it."

Not since Miriam Hopkins was cast as *Becky Sharp* has there been as perfect a piece of casting in this town as George and Eddie in this picture.

"You didn't like 'Rumba' I hear," George accuses me.

"No," I admit, "but if that was a bad one you've got nothing to worry about this time."

"I hope you're right," says George.

I have a couple of visitors with me on the set today and I must say for George that there are mighty, mighty few stars in this business who go out of their way to be as agreeable to strangers who mean nothing to them as he does. He couldn't have been nicer to my friends.

I'd like to give you the conversation verbatim, as George is by way of being a pretty nifty wise-cracker but there is still

Warner Bros.

OUT HERE, ladies and those you drag around with you, we have Kay Francis and George Brent in "Stranded," Bette Davis in "Girl From Tenth Avenue" and Joe E. Brown in "Alibi Ike."

Regarding "Stranded," Kay plays the part of assistant to the superintendent of the Travelers' Aid Society in the station of a large city. It seems that just everybody drifts by there at one time or another. One morning a tall, ruddy, brisk and domineering (scenario description) young man



Kay Francis and George Brent exhibiting their well known charm in "Stranded."

(George Brent) comes to her. He is looking for one of his workmen and he's plenty sore about the whole thing.

"Janaushek, Stanislov, Manitolowoc, Wisconsin," Kay murmurs, consulting her files. "No funds. Money for his ticket telegraphed by wife."

"That's the guy," George informs her eagerly.

"We put him on the seven o'clock train," Kay informs him with finality.

"Great jumping Jehosopha!" George explodes. "Did it take you all day just to tell me that? You people are impossible. Here you are, supposed to help and all you do is—"

"Gr-r-r," Kay mimics his fury. "I betcha my father can lick your father!"

"Who are you?" George wants to know.

"Don't you remember Lynn Palmer?" Kay laughs. "Who lived next door to Ted Sterling in Pasadena when you visited him the first Christmas you were at Cal Tech?"

A slow grin spreads over the tall, ruddy, brisk, domineering young man's face as his eyes flicker into remembrance.

"I'm completely humiliated," Kay smiles. "You were the first man who ever kissed me. I was fifteen—and thrilled to death."

"I remember," George admits sheepishly. "When I found out you were only fifteen I went home!"

"Yes," she sighs, "and I cried and cried

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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

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all night long—because I *was* fifteen!"

Well! I betcha the tall, brisk, ruddy, domineering young man would have better sense now—fifteen or fifty.

"Stick around awhile?" Kay asks.

"No, confound it, I've got two more sets to cover," I lament.

"Well, cover them and then come over to my dressing room and I'll buy you a cup of tea," she offers. Boy, howdy! Miss Davis and Mr. Brown are practically covered.

Bette's picture is a re-make of one of my favorite stage plays, which was titled "Out-cast."

I don't know any of these people and I was lucky to get on the stage just in time to catch a "take" because that means I can get back to Kay that much sooner. Only I must say Bette is sure improving by leaps and bounds and she ought to be tops in this picture—if they haven't changed it *too* much.

Next door is "Alibi Ike," alias Joe E. Brown. Joe is a top notch baseball player but he's always alibi-ing. No matter how good he is he's always telling he'd have been better except for something or somebody that interfered.

This is the locker room of one of the major league teams before the first game of the season. All the players are scattered about in various stages of dress and undress.



Roscoe Karns, William Frowley and Joe E. Brown in "Alibi Ike."

"Hey, Pinky," Director Ray Enright yells to a prop man, "dirty up them suits. They're too clean." So Pinky goes about smearing dirt on the uniforms.

And with all this talk of clean pictures, I'm going.



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The Answers to the Puzzles on Page 66

1. Franchot Tone
2. Ned Sparks
3. Helen Twelvetrees
4. George Burns
5. Russell Hopton
6. Herbert Marshall
7. Sir Guy Standing
8. Fred Astaire
9. Kent Taylor

Symbols of Love

[Continued from page 23]

Trabert and Hoeffler, who help so many lovers discover Golden Apples of the Hesperides for their adored ones, tell me that Marlene Dietrich owns the largest emerald ever set in a bracelet. It is a cabochon emerald, weighing 128 carats. When asked who gave this precious love token to Marlene, Messers Trabert and Hoeffler were mysteriously silent . . . but they did tell me of the way in which they have aided and abetted Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller, when that muscular lad came out of the jungle and into the jewellers. They talked of the carved oriental ruby ensemble which flashes so brilliantly upon the brilliant Lupe. The four bracelets and a charm, the hat clip, and basket brooch as large as a pendant, the emerald-cut diamond, the one cabochon emerald and diamond bracelet, and I remembered a day last June when Lupe showed me the ring which was Johnny's engagement gift to her, . . . a ring spelling, in diamonds, the old and jewelled words "I love you."

Mr. Felt, the florist, spoke reverently of the help he had been able to give John Barrymore when John sent flowers to his Dolores. They were always blue and yellow, the flowers of John. And Mr. Felt was called upon to arrange them in enchanting and unusual forms and shapes. One time, when Dolores was entertaining a feminine party, John sent her a mammoth fragile fan all made of blue and yellow blooms. Another time—an anniversary—he sent her a replica of their yacht, reproduced in jonquils and lupines. Whatever the size or the shape of the floral offering, Mr. Felt told me, the flower colours were the same. And the colours mean . . . you've guessed!

Romantic hearts beat under the coarse shirts of the Westerners, too. Softened, perhaps by the approach of June, Ken Maynard told me that he presents his wife with one pearl on each and every birthday. He started with a small pearl and each year the size of the pearl increases.

Hal Mohr, so recently married to Evelyn Venable, can't wait for an annual anniversary to come around. So he sends, every month, two dozen American beauty roses to remind Evelyn (as if she needed reminding!) of the day and the way they met. And when they are married a year, confided Mr. Mohr, he plans to send her *twenty-four* dozen Beauties. It has been rightly said that the cameramen are the real Romeos of Hollywood!

Faded flowers and bits of ribbon . . . rare jewels and many other symbols, some little and lovely, some arrogantly luxurious, some calling forth tears and some gay laughter . . . speak from Hollywood when once again lovely June comes around.

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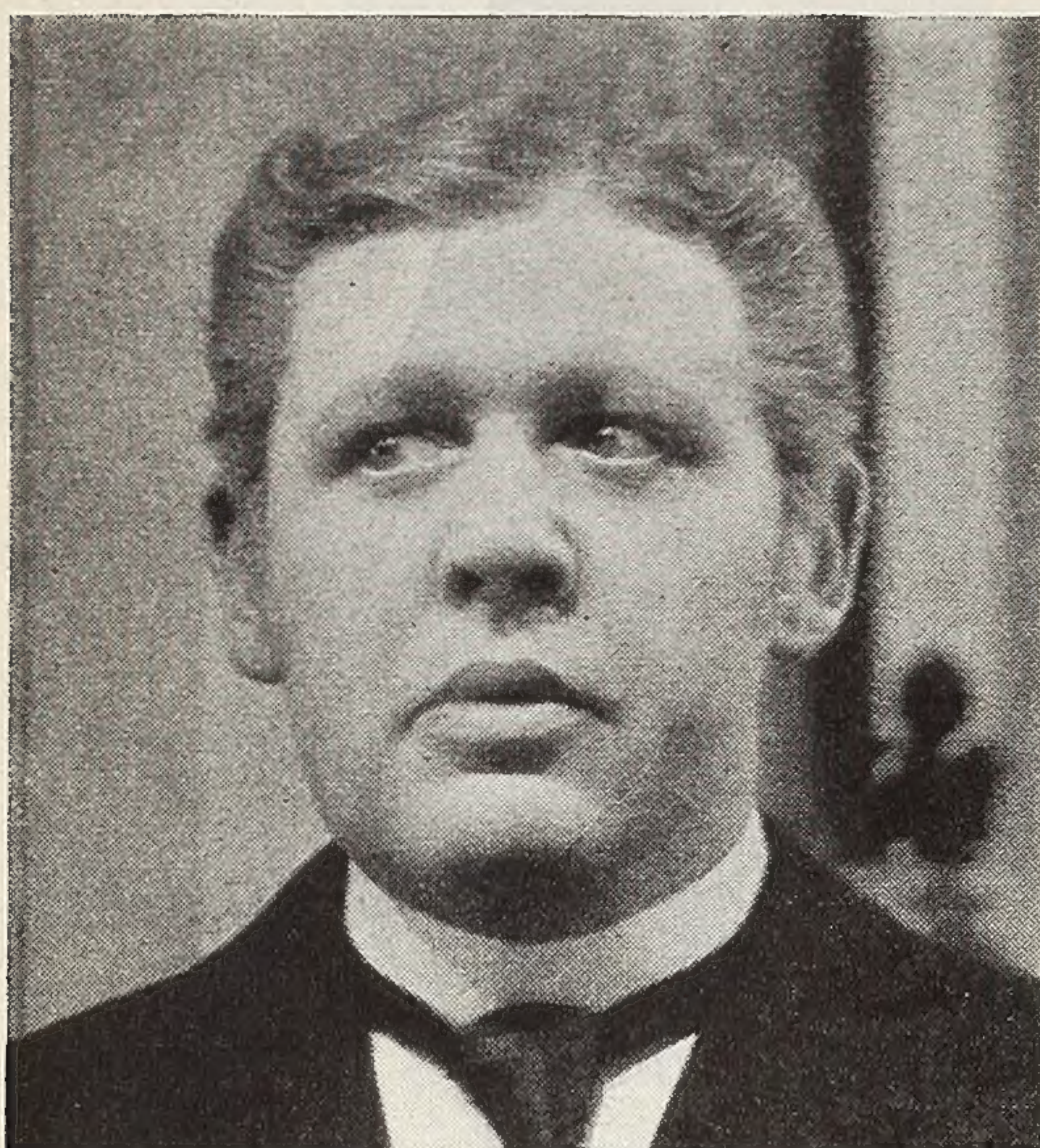
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The Final Thing



Charles Laughton

SOME actors are typed and they do not know it. Or, let us say, they do not recognize the fact that in one kind of rôle they set the standard for all others to follow—they are the tops. One of these, in our opinion, is Charles Laughton.

When, 'way back in one of Tallulah Bankhead's films, Laughton was a person out of his mind—shown in a close-up that made your blood run cold (it all had something to do with a submarine) he convinced us so completely that we cannot see him as anything else now. His Henry VIII had the same quality of ruthlessness and his part as Norma Shearer's father in "The Barretts" again let us see him as a man with the imps of insanity dancing inside his head.

Now he plays Ruggles of Red Gap and to us there never was a worse bit of mis-casting. However, Laughton is so much of an actor that he made many reviewers cheer lustily for his performance. We only have to point to his delivery of the Gettysburg Address to make you realize that he has to be controlled by an idea raging around inside of his head, before he can be his greatest self. As he recited the great words, he became a visionary seeing a strange destiny, but of course it should have been played as a man, free, white and twenty-one, proud, thrilled and exalted, as one might cry "*The morning cometh.*"

All this talk about color in pictures receives the wasted words that were spent at one time on sound with pictures. The arguments against sound were wonderful, but sound came on just the same. We have learned to enjoy it, and so we know now that whenever anything is utterly opposed to an artist's idea of symbolism and "theatre," it probably will catch on and the public, and finally the artists, will like it. There never has been a colored photograph of nature that an artist enjoyed. How then can there be satisfactory colored motion pictures?

Recently colored photographs have invaded the ad pages, and their dreary, heavy, literal unimaginative coloring is enough to drive one who loves color to a hermit's cave.

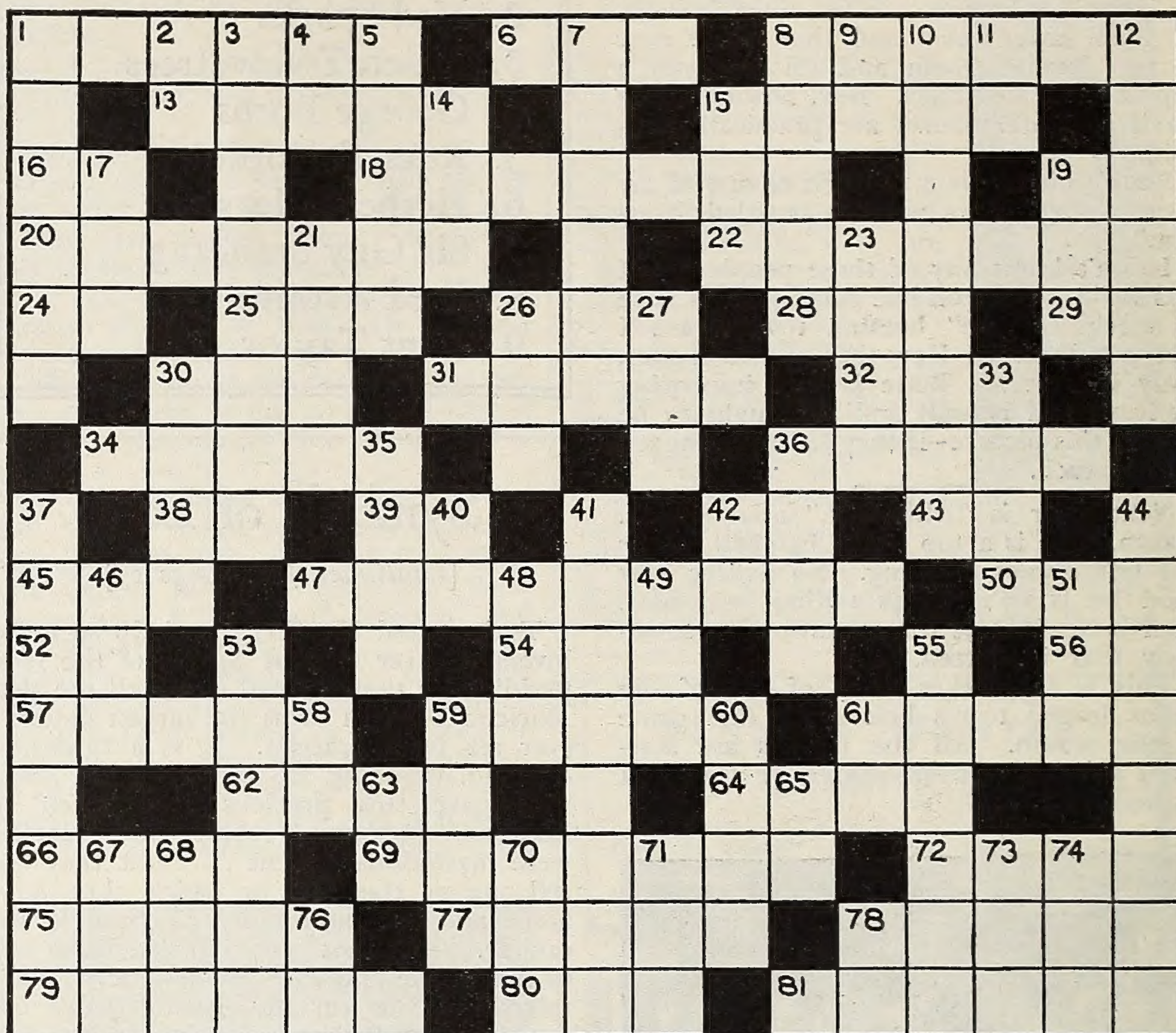
We believe that color will be partially adopted and that the effect will be to take pictures further away from Art. (Capital letter, please.)

Who cares?

Elmer Keen
EDITOR

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

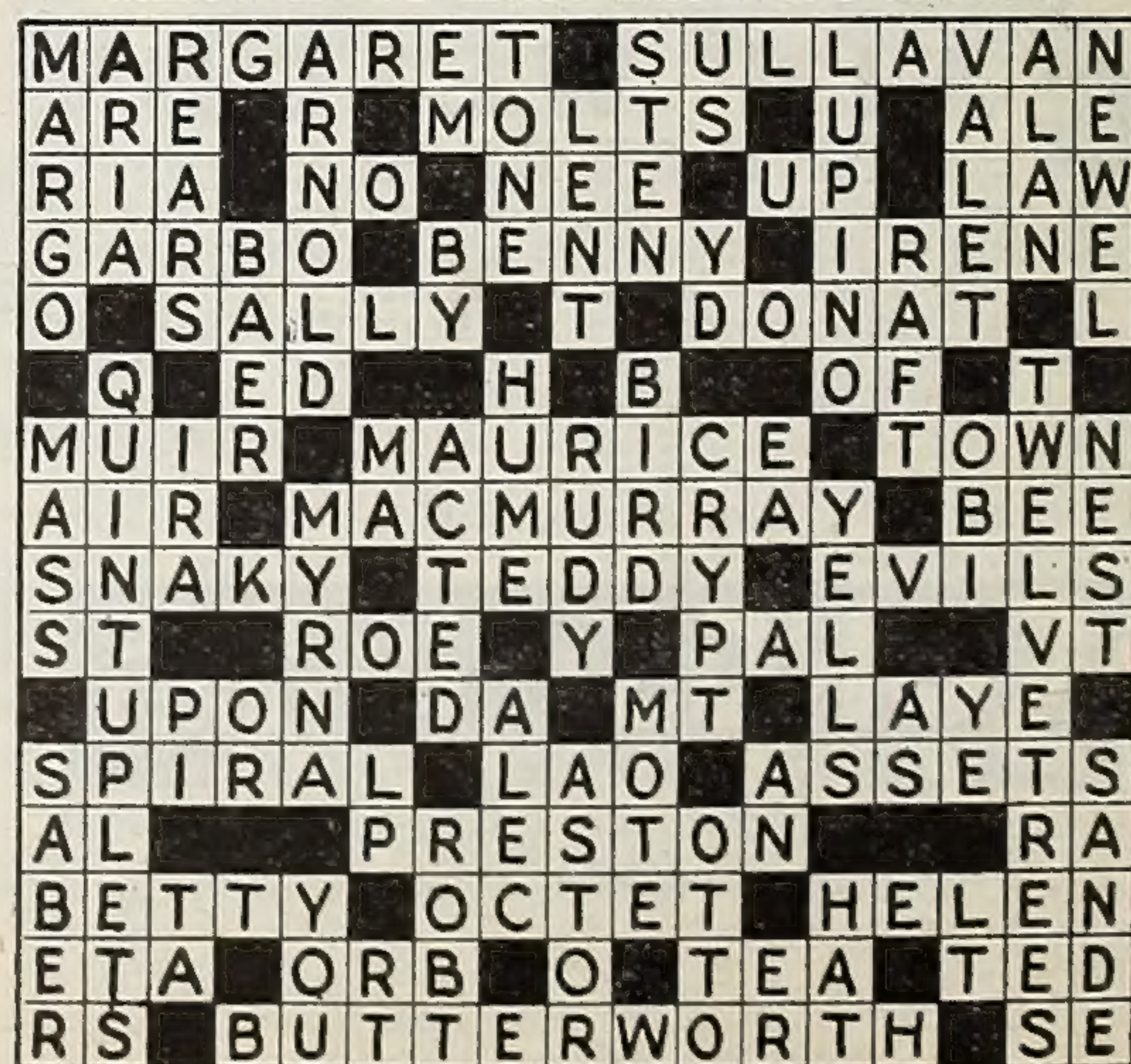
- 1 The handsome forest ranger in "Sequoia"
- 6 Hail
- 8 Her real name is Mae Green
- 13 A passageway
- 15 A defensive covering
- 16 Direction (abbr.)
- 18 She has a new Paramount contract
- 19 For example (abbr.)
- 20 He was born in Czecho-Slovakia
- 22 He made his screen debut in "Flying Down to Rio"
- 24 Onward
- 25 Pronoun
- 26 An industrious insect
- 28 The sun
- 29 Mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 30 Her hobby is writing
- 31 "West Point of the Air" is his latest picture
- 32 Drollery
- 34 The spy in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"
- 36 Tease
- 38 Neuter pronoun
- 39 Her horse is named Rattlebrains (initials)
- 42 Afternoon (abbr.)
- 43 A well known radio singer (initials)
- 45 Atmosphere
- 47 He has a wide flashing smile
- 50 Self
- 52 The land of Abraham's birth
- 54 Dined
- 56 A degree
- 57 This year's winner of the Academy Award
- 59 To give gratuitous entertainment
- 61 The temperamental singer in "Enter Madame"
- 62 The first name of Mrs. Charles Laughton
- 64 To bring up
- 66 Now working in "Air Fury"
- 69 He played a dual rôle in "All the King's Horses"
- 72 A raised platform
- 75 To think
- 77 He got a real break in "Roberta"
- 78 Musical term meaning slowly
- 79 With Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta"
- 80 Type measures
- 81 To whom Ann Dvorak is married

DOWN

- 1 She will appear with Clark Gable again in "China Seas"
- 2 The sun god
- 3 The foot weary guide in "Lottery Lover"
- 4 Part of the verb "to be"
- 5 Masculine first name
- 7 The famous radio entertainer in "Sweet Music"
- 8 To exert pressure
- 9 Morning (abbr.)
- 10 A charming newcomer
- 11 Austrian coin (abbr.)
- 12 "The County Chairman"
- 14 Organ of hearing
- 15 A prefix
- 17 A number

- 19 To stray
- 21 To emit vapor
- 23 A subdivision of a county
- 26 Now appearing on the stage
- 27 Unit of energy
- 30 She plays Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
- 33 He hails from Buffalo, N. Y.
- 35 To give back a sound
- 36 She's in Shirley Temple's new picture
- 37 Proved himself a first rate comedian in "Ruggles of Red Gap"
- 40 Exist
- 41 Her father is a wool merchant in England
- 42 Jumbled type
- 44 The clerk in "The Whole Town's Talking"
- 46 A masculine name
- 48 Variant (abbr.)
- 49 A meadow
- 51 Roam in an aimless manner
- 53 Gathers item by item laboriously
- 55 Keeper or guardian
- 58 Mode of transportation
- 59 Sailors
- 60 Pace
- 61 Huey P. Long's home state (abbr.)
- 63 Bachelor of Science (abbr.)
- 65 Type measure
- 67 Mimic
- 68 Shortened form of feminine name
- 70 Frozen water
- 71 Thoroughfares (abbr.)
- 73 An insect
- 74 Japanese statesman
- 76 A prefix
- 78 The (Fr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



Helen Mack

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"People say I'm lucky—I hardly ever get runs. But that's due to Lux. It saves elasticity so the silk gives instead of breaking so easily under strain."



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